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SELECTED POETRY.

SONGS BY L. E. L.

I loved her! and her azure eyes
Haunted me from sweet sunrise
To the dewy evening's close,
Dyeing rosier the rose.
Yet I said, 'tis best to be
Free—and I again was free.

But I changed—and auburn hair
Seem'd to float upon the air;
Till I thought the orange-flower
Breathed of nothing but her bower.
Yet I said, 'tis best to be
Free—and I again was free.

Next I loved a Moorish maid,
And her cheek of moonlight shade;
Pale and languid, left my sleep
Not a shade but her's to keep.
Yet I said, 'tis best to be
Free—and I again was free.

But there came a lovelier one;
She undid all they had done:
I loved—I love her—ah, how well!
Language has no power to tell.
Now the wonder is to me
How I ever lived while free!

A mouth that is itself a rose,
And scatters roses too;
An eye that borrows from the sky
Its sunshine and its blue;

A laugh, an echo from the song
The lark at morning sings;
A voice—but that has sadder tones,
And tells of tenderer things;

Auburn is her long dark hair
With a golden shine:
Must I tell you more to know
This true love of mine!

I might say she is so kind,
Faithful, fond—but no!
My sweet maiden's hidden heart
None but I may know.

I send back thy letters:
Ah! would I could send
The memory that fetters,
The dreams that must end.

I send back thy tresses,
Thy long raven hair;
Could I send thy caresses,
They too should be there.

But keep thou each token
I lavished on thee;
Ring and chain are unbroken,
Thou false one to me!

That my rival,—how bitter
That word to my heart!
May read in their glitter
How faithless thou art.

As steals the dew along the flower,
So stole thy smile on me;
I care not to tell the day, nor hour
I first loved thee!

But now in every scene and clime,
In change of grief or glee,
I only measure from the time
I first loved thee!

I only think,—when fast and fair
My good ship cuts the sea,—
I leave the lovely island where
I first loved thee!

The wide world has one only spot
Where I would wish to be;
Where, all the rest of life forgot,
I first loved thee!

SELECTED TALES.

[From the New Yorker.]

ALBERTO TORTI.

A TALE.*

It was about six hours after sunset, on a night whose darkness might have shrouded many a deed of guilt, that a certain square in the town of B—— in Lombardy was hastily crossed by a small party of guards, leading a prisoner, whose frightened demeanor and pale looks, visible by the light of a lamp held near him, showed that he was conducted as a criminal. They approached the door occupied by the president or governor of the city, knocking with a vehemence which instantly alarmed the inmates. A window above was thrown open, and the venerable president himself appeared.

'Who is that knocks with such impatience?'

'Send down, for the love of heaven,' replied the guard; 'here is a poor man unfortunately murdered.'

'Ha, Marco! Marco!' cried the voice above; and the house was presently in confusion. Lights glanced, and steps were heard moving to and fro; for it was no unfrequent occurrence for the worthy officiary to be roused from the quiet of a peaceful evening to dispose of some newly discovered culprit. At present however, the summons was not obeyed with the usual alacrity; confused voices were heard, and several moments elapsed before the great hall door opened, and a grey-headed servant came forth bearing a light.

'That villain Marco has disappeared,' said he, 'and the doors I find open. What can it mean? What would you, good people?'

'Hither, hither,' said one of the soldiers,—and, taking the light, he led the old man a little distance off, and pointed to what seemed the corpse of a young cavalier, profusely covered with blood. The old man approached the lamp to the pale face, and uttered a scream of surprise and horror.

'Carlo—my young master! How came he thus?—Holy saints! it is he—it is my young lord! He is dead! he is dead!'

'What then! you know him good man?'

'Hush, hush, for pity!—this is the son of the president, my good master.'

'Indeed!'

'How shall I tell him of a misfortune so unexpected, so terible—his father, who adored him!' And the old servant threw himself weeping on the ground, while his master's voice was heard again from the window calling to him:

'Isidore, are you there?'

'Gods! how can I reply to him?'

'Isidore!'

'Eccellenza!'

'Leave the light with the guard, and return hither; awaken my son Carlo and command him to write to the *Cancelliere*, that he may see to this affair, and remove the spectacle from before my dwelling.'

'Eccellenza!' faltered the faithful confidant, and gave vent anew to his grief. The suspicions of the master were excited, and he left the window to descend and satisfy himself, in spite of the entreaties of Isidore that he would not encounter such a scene. The old man was bending over the body to conceal it from the eyes of Don Ubaldo; but the sight of a parent is keen, and he soon discovered the features of his son. But for his erect position, it would have been difficult at the first moment to decide which was the dead body.

'Dear master,' said Isidore, 'away from this place!—My lord!—Don Ubaldo!—He does not hear me!—Help! let us remove him.'

'Stop!' cried the father suddenly, 'Carlo! my son!—He lives! his heart beats!—Quick, help me! he is not dead! my son is not dead!'

'Can it be true?'

'Believe it—believe it! help, dear friends—assist me—Remove him into the house. Softly—do not move hastily; his wound—the blood!' And with trembling steps, Don Ubaldo preceded the soldiers into his own house, and despatched a messenger for the nearest surgeon. But new misfortunes were in store for him.—He was met at the entrance by a female servant, calling in affright upon her master.

'What is the matter?'

'Marco your servant is no where to be found; the chamber of your daughter the Signora Eloisa is vacant, and the bed shows that she has not slept there to-night. I have sought over every part of the house, but cannot find my young mistress.'

The unhappy Don Ubaldo, seated in his apartment, awaited the arrival of the prisoner whom the guard had arrested on suspicion of the murder of his son. He was led in between four soldiers, who retired, after conducting him into the room, to a remote end of the hall.—Certainly no one could have presented less of the appearance of a savage assassin than the trembling figure of the individual who now awaited his sentence. His limbs scarcely supported him; his eyes wandered about with a stupid expression of fear; and whenever they glanced down upon his dress, which was stained with blood, they were closed with an involuntary shudder, which might be taken either for the remorse attendant on guilt, or the terror of one accustomed to such spectacles. The president, shading his eyes with his hand, so that he might not look upon the culprit, proceeded to his examination.

'So please your excellency,' said one of the soldiers, 'this man was found near the body of your son, in the same agitation of conscious guilt that he now exhibits. His horror at the sight of the blood of this victim proves that it was shed by his hand.'

'Tell me,' said Don Ubaldo, addressing the prisoner—'Ah me, my sight fails me!—how hast thou been able to mount those stairs and enter the house where lies the body of him thou hast murdered?'

'I could not have done it, Signor,' answered the accused, 'if these gentlemen had not dragged me here by force.'

'And who forced thee to stain thyself with the blood of my innocent, unhappy boy?'

'That wretch of a servant of mine, Lanidonio, who left me without a light'—

'And thus, villain, thou dost boldly, before a father, confess the murder of his son?'

'Confess! I a murderer! I have slain no one. Never in my life!—I am innocent—most innocent.'

'Wouldst thou be spared the torture confess the deed. The blood on your hands—it makes me freeze with horror.'

'And we, too, Signor President.'

'Wretch! how cam'st thou by that blood?'

'I will tell you the truth, as truly as I am Paolo Pistachi, the humblest of your servants.'

'Speak.'

'I was walking a little after midnight, towards my home, when I came upon the accursed body—your pardon, Signor,—I meant that blessed body—hardly blessed to me. I tried to fly, but the sudden tremor in my limbs refused me strength, and I sank upon the ground. My evil stars directed that at that moment I should meet the guard; they stopped me, searched and bound me; my tears, my protestations, availed nothing; I was brought hither, half dead, with scarcely power to sustain myself into this room, where I embrace your august knees and implore your mercy.'

'Have you done?'

'I can remember nothing more.'

'Soldiers, deliver him to the jailer, and direct he be tortured to discover the truth.'

'Nay, this is against justice: Paolo Pistacchi is a cavalier'—

'Silence! lead him away.'

At early dawn, a dark, handsome cavalier, apparently about thirty five years of age, was closeted long with the president. He avowed himself a suitor of Eloisa, who had withdrawn his pretensions on account of the evident dislike conceived against him by the young lady. 'But, your excellency,' continued he, 'it was not difficult for me to discover the cause of her coldness:—she loved another.'

'And whom?'

'Whom? you will be surprised—her music master!'

'Giulio! impossible!—she would never'—

'I know what you would say—but the delusion of passion—flattery; he first strove to obtain the girl by gentleness, and finally by stratagem—by force.'

'Then you believe—but are you sure, Alberto of what you say?'

'Sure! have I not many evenings surprised them speaking to each other—Giulio in the street, Eloisa in her balcony? Nay the very night of her disappearance'—

'What do I hear?—then Giulio—it is clear—it is evident!'

The object of their suspicion was speedily arrested through the agency of Alberto, and at sight of the frown of displeasure on the brow of Don Ubaldo, threw himself at his feet.

'I confess all—I am guilty.'

'He confesses—take him to prison.'

'Nay, Signor President, my fault merits not such punishment. I love your daughter, but I am worthy of her—my birth is noble.'

'No more—take him away—to prison.'

'Signor Alberto—Signor Alberto!' cried the prisoner.

'Away! you shall suffer the punishment your villany deserved.' And Alberto led back the president into his chamber, while the soldiers conducted Giulio to his dungeon.

Our scene now changes to a mansion in a remote part of the city. In a small cabinet, a young girl reclined upon a seat in the deepest abandonment of grief. A man seemingly placed as a sentinel, stood at the window; turning frequently from his contemplation of the scene without, to glance threateningly towards the lady, as her sobs became so loud as to need a check. The lady wrung her hands and wept bitterly.

'Carlo, my beloved brother! thou art slain—and in the attempt to rescue thy unhappy sister. I have caused thy death!—I saw thee sink under his blows, wretch that I am!—I will follow thee—yes, I will follow thee, secure in that innocence a thousand villains cannot tear from me! My father!—he will not survive his double loss! Giulio!—that fatal scene upon the balcony! it was there the minions of Alberto found me, and dragged me hither. Had I but had courage to confess my love for Giulio to my father, instead of meeting him in secret, all had been well. Now, ye gracious saints! shall I ever behold my home!'

'Retire, Marco,' said a stern voice behind—and the dark cavalier who had assisted to place Giulio in confinement walked into the room. The young girl averted her face and ceased weeping.

'Eloisa, time enough has been given for the indulgence of grief; begin now to be docile, since fate has decided against you. You are to remain but a few hours in this place; with the coming night you must be conducted to another home, beneath other skies, whither you would have been carried already, but that I deemed concealment safest for a brief time. You must be mine, in any case.'

'Yours! Alberto's!—Gracious Heaven!—my father! my slaughtered brother! You may tear life from me—you may rend me to pieces—but never, never can you compel me to a union with you!'

'You deceive yourself, if you imagine this feigned heroism can frustrate my plans.' And he placed his hand upon his dagger, and took hold of her arm. His prisoner threw herself on her knees before him:

'Yes, I am satisfied—let your steel drink my blood!' She lifted her arms towards heaven, and her lips moved in silent prayer. Alberto smiled coldly, and returned his blade to its sheath; but at that moment the door opened, and Marco entered hastily, with a face of alarm:

'Signor Alberto, silence for the love of heaven! for the cries of the lady have been heard in the street: I have observed persons from the window listening to the sounds.'

'Frantic girl,' said the cavalier, 'you would see me upon a scaffold, but this pleasure shall not be'—

'No, no—I would see you merciful and reasonable.'

'No more of these useless words! Marco, take her into the cave; there her cries will be unheard.' He was obeyed, and, with a countenance full of gloomy suspicion, Alberto left the house.

We return to the common prison, to greet anew some of our acquaintances, the most prominent among whom was Paolo, who, with his head and eyebrows shaved and his person disordered—having undergone the discipline of the torture—sate on the dungeon floor. Giulio walked in the back-ground, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the earth. On one side stood Don Ubaldo, holding in his hand a paper which he read long and attentively, while an expression of scorn and incredulity played over his features. Having finished reading, he addressed Giulio, with the air of one who forces himself to speak mildly.

'This stratagem will not avail to cast suspicion from you. I believe you guilty,—yet though I ought as a father to hate you, as a judge to condemn you, for your vile return for my hospitality, I will pardon you on condition you reveal the place in which you have concealed my Eloisa. Tell me—and even if you be an accomplice in the attempt upon my son's life, give me back my daughter, and you may prove the clemency of partial judge and the gratitude of a father.'

'How shall I answer you, Signor President! How can you give heed to the words of one whom you believe guilty of crime so horrible? If there is any hope in the justice of heaven, the moment will arrive that shall prove my innocence.'

'Then you know not where my daughter is!'

'Would to heaven that I did.'

'You did not shed my poor Carlo's blood?'

'Never—I swear it, my lord President.'

'How boldly can the wretch clothe his falsehood with the protestations of truth! Do you deny having confessed yourself guilty a few hours since?'

'I do not deny it. I have long loved your daughter, and been beloved in return; we met frequently at evening, for my prayers had power to persuade Eloisa to appear at her window or upon the balcony, to renew our vows of faithfulness and love, hoping that one day my fortunes would become more prosperous and Heaven would smile upon the sacred ties'—

'And why did you steal her hence?'

'You are deceived, Signor'—

They were interrupted by Isidore. 'My son is dead?' cried Don Ubaldo, as the faithful old servant approached him.

'No, my lord; on the contrary, a favorable change has taken place, and he has found his speech. His first words were those of tender recognition towards me—the next'—

'What?'

'In the next, he revealed the assassin.'

'Whom did he accuse?'

'Alberto.'

'What do you tell me?—can it be true?'

'I swear it by all that is sacred!'

Giulio lifted his eyes to heaven in surprise and thankfulness. The president turned to him, and placed in his hands the paper he had been reading.

'This is the paper which I would not suffer to convince me. From what a dream am I aroused!'

The paper contained a message from the *Cancelliere* to the President, informing him that some of his officers, in passing the house of the Conte Alberto Torvi, had heard noises which excited their suspicions—had searched the vicinity, and found an old woman named Metilde Astolfi, who confirmed their suspicions by declaring the voice to be the cry of a woman, and stated that the same lamentations had reached her ears on the preceding night. The *Cancelliere* prayed his excellency to lose no time in causing an investigation.

'Forgive my error, Giulio,' said Don Ubaldo.

'Let us hasten to the search.'

'Yes, yes—come on; twelve men armed shall follow us. You, good Paolo, are at liberty. Arm yourself, arm yourself against the villain who has made you suffer.'

Paolo was in a state of stupor, but at the touch of Don Ubaldo murmured in an expiring tone,

'It shall be as you please—I die—I leave all to my children—my innocence'—

'Is fully proved. Pardon my mistake—you shall be recompensed. Let us fly to rescue my daughter.'

Some of the guard were called, who assisted Paolo out of prison, while the father and the lover hastened on their errand.

In a cavern beneath the lower rooms of Alberto's house, rudely dug out of the earth, sate the unfortunate Eloisa, believing her gloomy abode destined for her sepulchre, weakened by grief and terror, half maddened by the idea of the sufferings of her friends—shut out from sympathy and hope, and looking to death as her only deliverance, it cannot be wondered at that her mind should wander, and that the stern and solemn sound of a voice which uttered her name should be mistaken by her for the summons of a spirit. Her mournful reverie was once more interrupted by her persecutor, who, as in mockery of her grief, or to intimidate her, savagely boasted of the innocent blood he had shed, and showed her the dagger stained with the blood of her brother. Apparently wearied with crime, himself he destined the last victim: but as he pointed the steel to his own breast, Eloisa arrested the desperate arm of the suicide.

'Blood,' cried Alberto, 'can be washed away with blood! Why do you hold back my arm? What impulse moves you to this unwonted tenderness? If you would faithfully execute the will of Heaven, why not suffer my own hand to fulfil its vengeance upon me? Away—away!'

'Unhappy man! mistake not the prompting of remorse and desperation for the will of that God whom thou hast never known—hast never listened to. Return to thyself. If Heaven had willed thy death, my arm that withheld thine had been palsied.' She snatched away the dagger and flung it on the ground.

Steps were heard approaching hastily. Marco came to inform them of the arrival of the President and his party, who were searching the house. As the last resort of despair, Alberto drew two pistols from his bosom, and presented one to Marco, whom he commanded to despatch Eloisa; after which they would by suicide escape the vengeance of the injured parent. But Marco had devised another plan of escape.

'Listen; yonder window opens into the garden of the neighboring house; thence can we easily pass into the wood beyond. We will wait there all night. The river is not far off,—and some friendly boat shall convey us far from these shores.'

The counsel was approved, and, dragging Eloisa with them, they left the cavern. Justice trod closely upon their steps; but Don Ubaldo and his friends, on their entrance, found no other trace of the fugitives than the dagger that Eloisa had snatched from the hand of Alberto. The wretched father believed his daughter also immolated, and refused to proceed farther; but succor arrived in the shape of Paolo Pistacchi, who, with the ingenuity of a mind at ease, had conjectured the manner of the villain's escape. By his advice, Don Ubaldo and his party left the house, and stationed themselves in a wood in the vicinity to wait for the arrival of Alberto with his victim.

They waited long in vain,—and the president, impatient of delay, denouncing Paolo as an imposter, was about to depart, when approaching steps were heard.—What joy! It was indeed Alberto, bearing, with the assistance of Marco, the senseless form of Eloisa in his arms. One glance at the group that awaited him—he saw he had nothing to hope. His pistol was pointed at the head of the unconscious girl.

'Hold! one step this way, and she dies! Let me go free; open the way, or I sacrifice her!'

'Father!' cried Eloisa, reviving, and stretching her arms towards him.'

'My dearest child!—Give her up to me.'

'Approach not, at your peril!'

'Oh, God! my heart will break!'

'Let all retire,' said the ruffian, 'or the tragedy is finished before your eyes! Delay not, nor scorn my menaces! lo, it is her last moment!'

'Wretch! give up the weapon!' cried a voice behind him, and the assassin's arm was suddenly seized. 'Eloisa, you are safe: I am Giulio—your own Giulio!'

We pass over the salutations and embraces exchanged between the restored girl and her kindred. Alberto would have escaped the doom of justice by suicide, but he was stripped of his arms, and conducted, with his accomplice Marco—who vainly implored pardon from his former master—to the convict's dungeon.

'Open was thy crime,' safe Don Ubaldo to the guilty Count; 'open, upon the scaffo'd, shall be thy punishment. And by thy warning, all who are like thee may learn that no force or stratagem can overcome true virtue.'

It may be proper to mention that the merriest guest at the marriage-feast of Giulio and Eloisa was Paolo Pistacchi, accommodated with a new wig and false eye-brows for the occasion.

*This story is taken from an Italian drama by count Giraud, entitled '*L'Onesta non si Vince*.'

A stranger, dining with one of our very luxurious city companies, had himself helped to the first dish of meat that stood near him; and being hungry, and making no calculation as to the choicer dishes which were to follow, began to eat the slices of the plain joint with great gusto. 'God bless my soul!' exclaimed a more experienced glutton, 'surely you are not going to throw away that beautiful appetite upon a leg of mutton!'

MAMMA EARTH, *like other old ladies, has told a lie about her age.* Dr Buckland stated to the British Association that the Earth was millions of years old; and that the best Hebrew scholars had lately given a new interpretation to the two first chapters of Genesis.

[From Blackwood's Magazine for September.]

'POOR WILL NEWBERRY!'

These words have occasionally haunted my memory for more than twenty years, and still vibrate on my ear in the same mournful tone of grief, regret and tenderness, as I last heard them uttered by one, through the course of whose life and sentiment that gave indescribable pathos to the simple ejaculation, 'Ah, poor Will Newbery!' had never been forgotten.

'Ah, poor Will Newberry!' who and what was he? It was a mystery to the younger part of our household. In the neighborhood, in the whole extent of our acquaintance, there was none who bore that name, nor was it associated with any of our family traditions, although they went back through several generations;—yet its identity we could not doubt, and we associated something very romantic and dismal with the name of this unknown and mysterious person. And now, methinks, I cannot give due effect to my simple recital, without introducing my readers to the circumstances which kept the seal of secrecy so long unbroken. I have alluded to one in whose bosom this secret seemed mournfully treasured. She was a gentlewoman far advanced in years, my maternal aunt, Mrs. Lloyd.

I may, perhaps, have occasion to mention the circumstances that rendered her an inmate of our house. It is sufficient to my present purpose to state, that she was extremely beloved and respected by the family with whom she dwelt, and especially interesting to those between whose age and her own lay an affecting expanse of seventy years; nor is it singular that those travellers in an unknown world should be peculiarly acceptable to the curiosity and inexperience of childhood and youth; but amiable and delightful sympathies, would have prevented any approach to familiarity on the subject in question; and it was only when she sat in a state of deep abstractedness, evidently imagining herself alone, or forgetful of those around her, that we ever heard her thus ejaculate—'Ah, poor will Newberry!'

I have at this instant before me the face and figure of that fine old age, as she sat in that dim hour of evening which, in the stillness of country life, is so conducive to meditation and reflection. In the old-fashioned parlor which was the common family room, we sat one or more of us, abstracted or silent as herself, watching the last fading colors in the distant horizon, when a deep sigh would draw our attention, and our eyes instantly turning on our venerable relative, we again beheld the clasped hands, the supplicating uplifted countenance, and heard again the affecting apostrophe to the never forgotten dead. 'Ah! poor *Will Newberry!*' There were four of us, and if we were all present, actuated by the same feeling we stole out of the room so quietly that not a step could be heard; and then, at the romantic period of girlhood, in the pensive twilight, did we walk in our garden or orchard, and alone or together, meditate or converse in conjunction on the circumstances that could so have hallowed the memory of 'poor Will Newberry.'

We had for a long time, each of us, entertained an idea that he must have been the lover of her by whom he was so tenderly remembered; and at last we began to communicate our thoughts on the subject to each other; for whatever we thought, we talked very little of love; and never as I recollect, till the approaching night threw its veil over our faces, did our lips dare to utter oh, how softly! the few and cautious words that gave expression to our sentiments.

The extreme reserve that was always observed by the heads of our family on this subject, continued no doubt to protract our shyness beyond the usual period when confidential intercourse is generally established; but an event occurred which introduced it, cautiously indeed, but at once, into our family conversation; this was the marriage of a young lady, one of the very few relatives. Bride favors were of course sent to us. We received them with blushes, and appeared in them at Church on the following Sunday with downcast looks. I remember that for some days after this event, we frequently found our mother's eyes fixed on us with an unusually thoughtful expression. The eldest of us was then about seventeen, a year older than the young bride.—A short time after, we were sitting together in our garden bower; the evening closed in upon us slowly and imperceptibly; our little pieces of work rested in our hands on our laps; Julia's book was closed; the spirit of musing stole over us, and we sat quite silent, until a deep sigh from my mother was followed by a few remarks which had nothing particular in them, but which riveted our attention from the manner in which they were spoken. But it is not my purpose here to relate the whole of my mother's discourse of that evening; it is sufficient to state, that while she held up to her daughter's example, with inimitable simplicity, the conduct of a line of females distinguished for their virtue and piety, with a voice that suddenly faltered, she acknowledged that there was one whose youth had been marked by an error, so serious in itself and pitiable in its consequences, that all the succeeding years of her long life, regulated, as they had been, by the strictest rules of morality and piety, had not been able to obliterate it from her memory. 'Ah, poor Will Newberry,' added my mother, 'is all I have ever heard from her own lips on the subject.' Oh! that I could give my readers any portion of that intense curiosity with which we listened to the developement of this long pending mystery! but vain as this wish is, the incident is in itself so singular, that I am induced to offer a slight sketch of the life and character of her whose otherwise simple history is so unfortunately distinguished.

Mrs. Anne Johnson, my father's paternal aunt, was the eldest daughter of a substantial yeoman at Up Ottery, in Devonshire. He would perhaps, in these days, have been called a gentleman farmer, for he rented considerably, and was, beside, the owner of a small freehold; but the title was not then in existence, and he was a plain, sensible man, who counted no titles, or any thing that belonged to them, if we except the youngest daughter of a neighboring Baronet. As he was a very handsome man, he succeeded in gaining the young lady's favor, and she became his wife, but without the consent of her father, who never bestowed any fortune on his offending daughter. Of this remote and somewhat unequal aliance I never heard any thing more than that the lady lived very happy with the husband of her choice.

In the first years of her marriage she became the mother of two daughters—Anne, the subject of this memoir, and Margaret, who was my grandmother. When Anne was in her sixteenth year, her father received a proposal of marriage for her from a young man, whose situation and character were such as to render the prospect of her union with him very agreeable to both her parents. To their daughter, however, Mr. Newberry's proposal appeared in a different light; happy in herself and in her home, without one care for the present or one anxiety for the future, a proposal so serious as that of marriage startled, disturbed, and intimidated her, and she entreated that her parents would allow her to decline Mr Newberry's addresses; but as she continued to declare, in answer to every interrogatory, that her heart was perfectly free from any predilection in favor of another, they imagined that her indifference towards Mr. Newberry, and her reluctance to marriage, might be conquered by the tenderness and the devotedness of an affection which appeared to themselves so amiable and so generous, and they positively forbade her declining his addresses.

Her parents had not so entirely forgotten their own feelings as to have entertained a thought of forcing their daughter's affections; but where there was no affection, where the heart was free, they thought it quite reasonable and proper that they should dispose of it themselves to a handsome young man, whom Anne would be sure to love as a husband, however cold and reserved she might have been to him as a lover. Assailed at once by parental authority, and parental kindness, Anne gave a reluctant consent. The day for the union was fixed, and all due preparation for solemnizing the nuptials. The day opened auspiciously, and in the primitive and simple manners of that remote period, the whole wedding party walked across the fields to the parish Church at Up Ottery.

How Anne went through the ceremony I never heard related, but it is probable she betrayed no other emotion than might be properly imputed to her youth and timidity. I have said the whole wedding party attended to witness the solemnization of the nuptials. It was a large party; and, upon leaving the Church, the bride declining the arm of him who did not appear to presume upon a right so recently obtained, mixed with those young companions who had attended her upon the occasion.

The wedding party was, by some chance, broken into little groups. When they all assembled in the great hall of her father's house, the bride was not among them. She had not been missed sooner, because one group imagined she had joined the other. 'But where was the bride now? She must have returned before them—was in her garden or in her chamber.' The garden and chamber were searched—Anne was not to be found. Enquiries were made of the servants—they had not seen their young mistress. 'She was certainly not returned, then.' Her companions all declared that this was some little jest of Anne's—she was always so lively—she had certainly given them the slip coming from Church, in order to make them search for her—they knew all her haunts; and they were all off instantly, in high glee, for a game of hide and seek with the pretty bride. In about an hour they dropped in again, with the enquiry, 'Who has found Anne?' And the last scout had returned, and still Anne was not found.

When the jest first began to wear a serious aspect—when the breast of the bridegroom was stricken, and the countenance of the parents fell, and the jests of the assembled party turned into assurances that no harm could have happened to Anne, can only be imagined; but in a few hours the whole household were out in search of her. As the evening advanced, increasing terror spread from house to house, and, during the whole of the night, all the inhabitants of the village were out for miles in quest of her. The old men, leaning upon their sticks, and women, with children in their arms, were standing at the yard gates of her father's house, to catch the first tidings. The lights in the deserted house were dismal to behold; where no one stayed for a moment, but whose returning groups came only to find disappointment, and to hurry off again with lessening hope and increased alarm; but it is impossible to describe the consternation and dismay that pervaded every breast, and spoke in every look, when the morning broke upon their unavailing search. As the day advanced, every pond and well, for miles round, was dragged—messages were sent in every direction yet, notwithstanding this general and strict enquiry, no clue could be found to account for the mysterious absence of her, to whom all now began to assign some terrible destiny.

It is probable that those bosoms which were the first given up to fear, were the last in which some slight hope of her return was totally extinguished; but when day passed after day, and weeks and even months came into the reckoning, when this appalling event was named, those flittings of hope hovered only for an instant over the darkest abysses of terror and dismay.—Her parents and sister had at least some companionship in their strange and heart-appalling circumstance; but the miserable husband was alone in his grief; alone he wished to be—he soon ceased to seek sympathy in kindred or friend—he absented himself from his habitation for days and weeks together; so one would doubt that he went in search of her whom he had thus mysteriously lost; but upon his return he soon ceased to make any communication whither he had been, and the looks with which he was received anticipated his own enquiries.

Month after month passed away, but time, whose lenient influence soothes other griefs, only increased the despair of the forlorn and bewildered man. By degrees his health and strength failed him, but the blow had come upon him in the vigor of youthful manhood, and the struggle of grief with youth and strength was long and doubtful, although deadly at last. When his strength became so exhausted that his feeble limbs could carry him no farther, he still continued to walk to the Church where Anne had become his bride. He always took the same path, and was observed, in certain spots, in deep abstractedness of mind; but he started if a leaf fell at his feet, or at the rustling of the wind, or the flitting of a shadow, and the earnest gaze of his sunken eye bespoke a blended feeling of expectation and fear. It was a look of intense desire to behold some object, but of doubt and dread whether that object were of this or another world. He used to stand for whole hours at the Church porch, on the very spot where he had last parted from Anne. The late villager, or the sojourner returning to his home, sometimes passed within sight of him with feelings of the deepest commiseration, but no one intruded upon a grief that seemed to admit not of comfort or alleviation. Had the unhappy man stood by the grave of his bride, consolation might have lighted upon his soul, as the soft dews fall from heaven; nay, had the earth opened and buried her quick before his eyes, even this calamity would not have been so dreadful as was his.

At the end of two years, the friends who had attended him in the triumph and exultation of his heart to the nuptial shrine, bore the corpse of the unfortunate young man to his long home of forgetfulness and rest; and the concern and pity not only of friend and relative, but of the whole neighborhood that had marked the decline of his health and strength in that long and bitter struggle, was now awakened afresh for her who had occasioned it. What were the feelings of Anne's parents then, and what, when a few days afterwards, they received a letter from their long-lost daughter, no pen can possibly describe. And she, their daughter, was well—in security, and waiting only their forgiveness to be at peace; and he, the victim of her caprice, whom they had loved almost as their own son, for whom they had felt, even in the midst of their own anguish, unutterable pity—he was newly in his grave, and no art could restore his broken heart, no tidings could reach his ear.

It will readily be imagined that, if satisfaction was mingled with the first feelings of surprise or indignation, sentiments of resentment and displeasure were soon uppermost in their minds.

Anne's beauty, and sprightly and amiable disposition had rendered her a general favorite in the neighborhood, and those who had loved her had never ceased to deplore a fate so singular, mysterious, and fearful; but no sooner had the tidings spread abroad, than every voice and every hand was raised, accusing, reproaching, and upbraiding her cruel conduct.

But in pursuing the narrative, it is best now to return to the morning of that unfortunate and fatal marriage, which had probably no sooner been completed, than the hitherto reluctant girl and now revolting bride determined on sudden and instant flight. Thus resolved, she found little difficulty in withdrawing unobserved from such a party as I have described, passing through small enclosures with hedges, intersected with lanes, and where spots of coppice wood and orchard were interspersed. The first point gained, that of withdrawing herself without observation or suspicion, her knowledge of the country for some miles round enabled her to pass to a considerable distance by a tract the most uninhabited, and by paths the most unfrequented.

It is not probable that in a resolution thus hastily formed, she had conceived any plan for her future proceedings. To fly to a distance so remote as to screen her from present research or enquiry was the first impulse of her feelings, and she had left her native village eight or nine miles behind before she dared to sit down to rest and reflect. Bred up in the peace, comfort, security and kindness of such a household as that in which, during the whole of her short, inexperienced life, she had been a favorite and cherished inmate, what must have been the feeling of a girl not quite sixteen at such a juncture, and under such circumstances, in quitting at once all she had loved, known, and trusted, to enter upon a world to which she was a stranger, the rumor of which had probably reached her peaceful retirement in all that coloring, at once so inviting and fearful to the youthful and ardent mind, but to one in her situation, so young and so unfriended, truly appalling. 'Without one friend!' thought poor Anne, as she sat at the foot of a tree which spread its grateful shade over the weeping and exhausted girl—'Not one friend!' The distressing reflection brought at length to her memory a young girl who had left their neighborhood about a year before, and was now residing with an uncle in London; she was an orphan, and had been Anne's schoolmate and favorite companion; and she wiped away her tears, as her heart was eased of more than half its load of anxiety and fear, in the thought that her once favorite playmate might befriend her in her sad exigency, and assist her views. The difficulties and dangers of a journey to London, even at that time, were very secondary, in the apprehension of one whose first resolve had been so decided and desperate. It is probable also that the distance of London, the total absence of all communication with the retired little spot in which she lived, and (at the remote period of a century ago) the conviction in Anne's mind that her friends would as soon think of seeking her in a foreign country as there, might have been another inducement to her finally determining on such a plan.

Persevering in her resolution thus formed, without any other refreshment than a draught of water from the wayside stream, she had, before the close of the day, proceeded to a distance of more than twenty miles; and this she had done without making one enquiry, and carefully avoiding all recognition. She was now on the old London Road, and although exceedingly fatigued, she continued to walk slowly on, doubtful whether she should rest for the night in the first respectable dwelling that would afford her an asylum, or remain the few hours of a short midsummer night in the building or shed attached to some farm house, where she might be equally secure from observation or interruption; and her perfect acquaintance with that sort of building was, she knew, sufficient to render her choice very tolerably secure. Still, though faint and exhausted from want of food, she continued to walk irresolutely on, until, sitting down on a bank by the way-side to settle her bewildered mind, she was roused from her reflections by the appearance of a party of persons on horseback coming towards her. Rising as they approached, though not without difficulty, being more exhausted than she had imagined herself, she walked on a few paces; but her air and manner betrayed not only extreme exhaustion, but also trepidation and alarm. Two or three horsemen passed first, and then some ladies riding on pillions behind their servants. The appearance of such a young woman alone, at such an hour, and in such a situation, attracted their attention, and the elder of the ladies, giving her the usual salutation of the hour, perceiving that she faltered in her reply, ordered her servant to slacken his pace; and upon a nearer observation of her ingenuous countenance, she enquired, in a tone of great kindness, 'May I ask whither you are journeying alone, at this hour, on the highway, fair mistress?' The gentle and considerate manner in which this enquiry was made, struck the full heart of the poor fugitive, and her painfully suppressed feelings burst forth at once. 'Oh! pity me—pity me—save me!' she exclaimed, with raised hands and streaming eyes. The whole party now halted, and the poor girl, quite overcome, staggered a few paces, and then sunk upon the bank where she had before been resting. Two or three of the party alighted, and amongst them the gentleman who was at the head of it; he was the husband of the lady whose notice Anne had attracted, and was travelling to London with his family and domestics. It was some time before Anne was sufficiently recovered to make any other reply to the questions that were put to her, than by tears, sobs, and inaudible attempts at speech. 'Press her not with questions—give her time to recover herself,' said the lady who had first addressed her. In the first ebullition of feeling, Anne would probably have disclosed her real situation; but in the short interval thus obtained her, she had sufficiently recovered her presence of mind; and collecting her scattered thoughts, the poor girl gave to the little fiction which she had that day invented, an air of the most perfect truth and simplicity, by the emotions of genuine grief with which it was delivered. She represented herself as a destitute orphan, who, by strange and disastrous circumstances, had been rendered dependent on one, who, taking advantage of her helpless situation, had formed the most cruel designs against her, until at length she had been obliged to quit abruptly and clandestinely, and all unprepared as she then stood before them, the only little spot in the wide world with which she was acquainted, the place of her birth, and up to the period of these afflicting events, the home of her affections, and as Anne continued, through her short narrative, to pause and to weep, the lady to whom she particularly addressed herself manifesting the warmest interest in her story, when she had finished, in a kind and most pitying tone, asked where she was going, and whether she had formed any plan for her future proceedings. To these questions Anne replied, that her first thought was indeed only to fly from the danger which awaited her; but that she had, after much perplexing reflection, determined, if it pleased Heaven to defend her from the terrors and hazards of such an undertaking, to proceed on to London, where there now resided a friend of hers, one who was an orphan like herself, and with whom she had grown up from infancy, until about a year before, when her young friend had been sent for by a relative of her deceased father, who, being a man of some account in the city of London, would perhaps be induced to take pity on her sad circumstances, and recommend her to some situation. 'And who was this young person, from whose good offices she expected such assistance?' 'She was a very virtuous, respected young woman, one Mrs. Betty Hope.' Poor Anne's countenance brightened as she pronounced the name of the only friend whom she now dared to *claim*. 'And Hope is the name of thy pretty mate, and is now thy only friend, poor wanderer?' exclaimed the lady; 'but cheer up, my child, I trust that the passage is a gracious one!' and then turning and speaking a few words apart with her husband, the lady offered to take Anne to London, and she was immediately placed on a horse, which was led by a servant, for the accommodation of one of the young ladies, who chose occasionally to change a pillion for a saddle. With the name of the family who at once became the protectors of our interesting relative, I never was acquainted, or I have forgotten it through a lapse of years; but 'Mrs Betty Hope' was a name never to be forgotten in so singular an adventure.

With this worthy and amiable family, Anne proceeded towards the great city; but before they reached the end of their journey the slow and lonely travellers met with an adventure not very uncommon. They were attacked and plundered by highwaymen, but pity even in such breasts still prevailed for poor Anne; for when accosted in her turn, she presented her purse, containing only one solitary piece of gold, and declared with streaming eyes it was all she possessed in the world, it was instantly returned to her.

Precious little piece of gold! that preserved from pecuniary obligation the independent spirit of its singular possessor.

During her long, tedious, and, as it appears, somewhat dangerous journey, Anne's disposition and behavior had so far gained the good-will of her benevolent protectress, that she would willingly have granted her an asylum in her own house; but while her spirit would not brook obligation of this nature, she had also, reflecting on the strange step she had taken, and the perplexity of her situation, resolved upon such a plan as should render her independent of the protection of those friends, whose favor might have been forfeited by the discovery of her real situation.

Anne's education had been extremely well attended to; and simple as it would now be considered, she was so perfect a mistress of all that young females were then taught, that her friends were brought to approve of her scheme of opening a school, which, with their assistance and recommendation, offered a very fair promise of success.

The sudden and total change in her situation produced at once great solidity of character and seriousness of demeanor; and her undertaking was soon crowned with success beyond her expectation.

It was not many months before she was fortunate enough to discover the residence of Mistress Betty Hope, with whom she managed so well to obtain a private interview, in which she disclosed all that had befallen her, and engaged her confidence and secrecy. I have said that two years had elapsed before Anne communicated to her friends, in an epistle, a brief account of what I have here detailed; she pleaded, in palliation of her most strange and apparently unfeeling proceeding, that the engagement she had entered into on that fatal morning, never appeared to her so dreadful as when it was indissolubly fixed, involving her, as it did, in circumstances too fearful for her to abide, and from which she had suddenly determined to fly, at any hazard or danger; and in concluding, she besought, in the humblest manner, the forgiveness of her parents; but she held a higher tone towards him, who had, she declared, unadvisedly pressed on a suit so disagreeable to her, and she ended by avowing her fixed determination never to acknowledge those ties which had driven her from the home where his misplaced addresses had found her a cherished and happy child.

I have already stated the manner in which this letter was received; and when at length it obtained an answer, she was informed, in no softened terms, of the fatal issue of her 'rash and cruel proceeding;' their forgiveness they did not withhold, but this forgiveness was coldly accorded; and they added, that, as it had pleased Providence to raise her up friends and to open to her an honest way of living after her rash adventure, they advised her not to return to her former home, unless she was prepared to meet the displeasure and reproof of all who had formerly thought but too well of her. They farther added, that she, who had once credited those who had bred her up, and had withal been considered a comfort and a blessing to them, was now become to them an occasion of shame and confusion of countenance; that even her name, once so familiar and sweet to hear, now sounded harsh and stern in their ears, as when one speaks of a guilty and proscribed creature; and when they added, 'we seek for consolation in the sanctuary of the afflicted—when with broken hearts we kneel at the altar where you pronounced those sacred vows which you so fearfully profaned, we pass by the grave of that most dear and worthy man whom you have destroyed.'

Anne never appealed from this interdiction; she never ventured to her native place, nor, as I think, ever beheld the faces of her parents again. Thus, young and affectionate as she was, cut off by her own act from parents and kindred and friends, in a situation so stern and so forlorn, that her heart had relented in grief and remorse, and entertained kinder and tenderer thoughts of him whom she had forsaken, no one could doubt who heard from her tremulous lips, after such a lapse of time, and when she was upwards of eighty years, that one

forlorn, affecting expression, "Ah! poor Will Newberry!"

[From the Providence Journal.]

A STEAM BOAT ADVENTURE.

The boat was just ready—the second bell was ringing—every thing was in confusion—disconsolate old gentlemen were searching every where for their baggage—and terrified young ladies were trembling lest half their party were left on shore. Porters were flying backwards and forwards with trunks and bandboxes, and stumbling over nursery maids with children in their arms. The heavy arms of the engine moved slowly up and down, and the boat, impatient of restraint, swayed to and fro, gathering up her energies for a mighty plunge.

Just at that moment, my friend Wilson came up to me and said, 'I come to ask a favor of you, or rather to confer a favor upon you. A young friend of mine, Miss Milton is on board, and I am anxious to place her under your particular charge. Come quick the boat is leaving—you will be in love with her before you pass Point Judith. She is in the ladies' cabin—quick, quick! the last bell is ringing—I must be off.'

'Here! how many band-boxes Wilson?'

'Only three!'

'Are you certain?'

'Upon my word, only three. I just saw them taken from the carriage—three bandboxes, five trunks and seven bundles. She returns in the next boat, and consequently has no need of much baggage.'

I followed Wilson with somewhat doubtful step,—for although as I have said, he was my particular friend, he was something of a quiz, and I more than half suspected that he would introduce to my acquaintance some vinegar faced maiden, who had taken her pound of snuff per week for more than fifty years. My fears however, vanished as I entered the cabin, and was presented to one of the loveliest of women it has ever been my lot to meet. She smiled with the most bewitching sweetness, thanked me for my kindness, and promised to behave like a good girl—not be sea sick, and give as little trouble as possible. I spoke from my heart when I assured her that the more trouble she gave me the better, so that it would give me an excuse to be near her.

'This is really kind in you,' I said, as I followed Wilson on deck; 'Miss Milton is in truth a most lovely girl; I hope I shall have some means of repayig your kindness.'

'Pshaw! nothing at all; I might to be sure, have put her under the care of Sam or Ned—you see them there in the aft part of the boat: indeed, Sam intimated to me that he should like an introduction to her, and I believe Ned has come on one day sooner than he intended, for that express purpose. But I wish to place her under the charge of some steady substantial man—some one upon whom I can rely; these wild young fellows are not fit to protect a young lady. Well good bye—the boat is going—an heiress by the way—a cool hundred thousand at least—take good care of the band boxes.' So saying he sprung to the wharf.

The boat, like a noble horse, eager for the race, leaped into the channel, and cut rapid way through the waters. I stood on deck with Miss Milton watching the fair city as it faded from our view, and pointing out the most interesting places on both shores and islands of the beautiful bay, down which we were sailing. Never was gallant knight more devoted to fair ladyand never did fair lady smile more sweetly upon gallant knight. The hours flew as rapidly as though they too were impelled by the all powerful influence of steam. The dinner hour arrived, it seemed in five minutes after I had come on board. A dinner on board a steamboat is never a very pleasant affair; and I always calculate upon having one dish of gravy spilled upon my coat by the waiter as a matter of course. This time it was rendered peculiarly unpleasant by a couple of children who kept up a continual squalling and fighting with their nursery maid. I am of an affectionate disposition, and a good man of general philanthrophy, I belong to the Society for the general improvement of the Human Race and last year gave five dollars to the Society of Education, but I do hate children I abominate squalling children—and above all, I detest squalling children at a dinner table; and I was on this occasion more than usually annoyed, as they seemed perfectly offensive to my fair friend.

Sam and Ned was very unsociable to me during the whole passage; they scarce spoke to me from the time we left the wharf. I observed, however, their attention was frequently directed to me, particularly when I was with Miss Milton; and from their looks, I doubted not I was the object of their conversation. How very envious some people are?

However, I took no notice of their coolness, but continued pacing the deck, after dinner, wrapped up in pleasant reflections and balancing the numerous advantages of a bachelor's establishment. I remember that I was yet on the sunny side of thirty-five, and began seriously to ask myself if my table would not look better for having some one at the head of it, to turn out the tea and coffee; and if my fireside would not be improved by sending off the old arm chair, in the corner, and drawing up a sofa in front. Not that I had any personal anticipations—I disdain that altogether.—My reflections were purely of a general nature. If any thing could have disturbed the tenor of my thought, they would have been scattered by the appearance of the two children, who gave so much uneasiness at the dinner table. But nothing could—and for the first time I looked upon them with endurance, if not with kindness. I patted one on the cheek for which he civilly spat in my face, and ran off thinking it an excellent joke. I gave the other an orange, with the juice of which he bespattered my very best coat, to the no small amusement of Ned who was standing by at the time.

'Fine little fellow that,' said he, 'sorry for your coat though—stain never'll come out—had one spoiled so myself once; but you are so fond of children. By the way I see you have a lady with you; who is she?

'Miss Milton—an old friend of mine.'

'An old friend! I thought you was just introduced to her?'

'Oh no—I have known her this long time.'

Upon certain occasions I hold a white lie to be justifiable, Miss Opie to the contrary notwithstanding.—Besides, impudent curiosity should not be gratified.

The evening was lovely and moonlight; the breeze just perceptible, and the boat dashed the white foam before at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. Neither Miss Milton nor myself were very sociable. She seemed occupied in watching the white track that the boat left behind her, and the occasional sparkling of foam and bubbles. I was debating upon the propriety of saying something particularly tender, and endeavoring to fix upon the precise amount of sentiment that an acquaintance of eight hours would warrant. I had heard of a man who had went so far as to offer his heart and hand to a lady whom he had only known two hours; and as I had the advantage of moonlight on my side, I thought I might venture a few gentle words. Mentally I conned over many a soft phrase, but I was unused to the business, and could think of nothing to suit me. However, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' I thought, and I resolved to make the attempt, desperate though it might be. 'There are certain situations,' I commenced, 'and peculiar sentiments, which—that—and—would seem to justify,'——I hesitated, she looked up, what a pair of eyes! as waiting for the conclusion of my sentence. For the life of me I could only think of one word—and that word was—abominable. Whether in my dire distress I might have adopted it, I know not; for just as my embarrassment had risen to a degree unsupportable, the little boy whose orange had left its mark on my coat, came running up to us. Half vexed, half relieved by the intrusion, I was about pushing him away, when he recognized me, and exclaimed, 'Mamma! that's the gentleman who gave me the orange; get another orange for me!'

I believe I actually started from my seat at that word mamma. I saw through the whole plot instantly. The deception that Wilson had practised upon me, flashed upon me like light. The lady was married, and I a bachelor of thirty-five, who had never so much as breathed a soft word in a lady's ear, had been nigh commencing my apprenticeship by making love to the mother of two children. It made me sea-sick. And Wilson, too, so many kind things as I had done for him—so many scrapes as I had got him out of, and now to put upon me such a trick! Verily there is no such thing as gratitude in this world;

"And what is friendship but a name?"

I rose mechanically, and walked down to the cabin—a suppressed titter greeted me, and I saw Sam and Ned together, enjoying my discomfiture. They, too, were in the secret, and doubtless the first movers of the vile plot, and cruel deception. I caught my berth, which I did not leave till the next morning, after the boat had reached the wharf, and every passenger landed, and the black steward has assured me 'on the honor of a gemman,' that he and myself were the only living beings on board. How Miss ——, I beg her pardon, Mrs. Milton, with her band-boxes and trunks and bundles, got on shore, I know not, care not; but if ever I take charge of a lady again ——

The alarm of fire Thursday evening was occasioned by the burning of two stables, near the Lowell Railroad in East Cambridge. We understand that Mr. Perkins, third foreman of No. 26, fell into the dock and was considerably injured.

THOUGHTS, SCRAPS AND NEWS.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday:

Warrants were granted to the following officers of the Fire Department, viz: Albert Chipm[illegible], Foreman; William H. Baines, 1st Assistant Foreman; [illegible] 2d Assistant Foreman, and [illegible] Clerk of Engine Company No 4.

Common Sewer ordered to be made in [illegible].

Lamps to be lighted in Pleasant street Court.

Petition of Francis Welch and others to have lamps lighted in Louisburg square; of J. W. Trull and others, to have a sidewalk laid in Causeway street. Referred.

Petition of A Lanning and others, for the use of Faneuil Hall on the evenings next preceding the elections in November and December next. Read and laid on the table.

Report of the proprietors of prisons, on the state of the House for the employment and reformation of juvenile offenders. Referred.

EXPRESS MAIL. This mail will commence running on the 15th of November next. Between New York and Philadelphia there will be two mails daily upon the railroads, running with the speed of the express, and carrying the entire mail matter, in consequence of which, the additional postage will not be charged between these cities.—The same policy will be pursued between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and further south, as soon as the Department, by the aid of the railroads or other means, can give the whole mail the same expedition as the express.

Regulations for the Express Mail.

1. No letters will be sent by this mail except such as have written upon them the words 'Express Mail.'

2. No free letters, nor letters containing money, nor letters exceeding half an ounce in weight, except public despatches, nor any newspapers or pamphlets, will be sent by this mail.

3. If letters bearing a frank, or containing money, or weighing more than half an ounce, be put into post offices marked 'Express Mail,' the post master will erase those words, and send them by the ordinary mail.

4. All letters and public despatches sent by this mail will be charged with the usual rates of postage.

5. Letters marked 'Express Mail,' and put into post offices not on the line of express, will be sent by that line when they reach it, and will be charged, where put in, with triple postage for the whole distance.

6. Editors of newspapers have a right to receive free by this mail, slips from all newspapers which they may now receive free by the ordinary mail, but cannot receive the slips and the newspapers both. If both come to them, the postmaster will charge the newspapers with postage.

7. Slips from newspapers, and small parts of newspapers cut out, or strips especially printed by newspaper publishers, to convey the latest news, foreign and domestic. But one slip can be received from the same newspaper; and in no case must it excel in size two columns of such newspaper.

8. Newspaper slips must show on their face from what newspapers they come, and be put into the post office open, with the name of the editor or newspaper for whom designed, distinctly written upon them.

9. Postmasters will put all slips from the same place into a pocket directed to that place.

ANOTHER SEDUCER AND SCOUNDREL. Some weeks ago, the Rev Thomas Warren Walker, living in this borough, abandoned a most affectionate wife, to whom he had been united for several years, and ran away with a young girl under eighteen, one of the class leaders of a class over which this affectionate saint presided. A warrant was issued against him immediately, for leaving his wife, and seducing the affections, and blasting forever the character of a poor girl; and on Wednesday he was apprehended and bro't before a magistrate, and convicted of being a rogue and a vagabond, and sentenced to be confined in the House of Correction at Worcester, and there to be kept at hard labor for three calendar months. On being asked what he had to say in his defence, he pleaded guilty to the charge; but in addition to his other vile offences, he endeavored to shelter himself by further degrading his poor victim, and absolutely had the impudence and villany to state that the young woman administered drugs to him to seduce him into the crime that he had committed.—*Kid Messenger.*

At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen Monday:

Ordered, That warrants be issued for meetings of the inhabitants in their several wards, on Monday, the fourteenth day of November next, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the choice of fourteen electors of President and Vice President of the United States; member of Congress for District number one; Governor and Lieutenant Governor, six Senators for the District of Suffolk, and seventy-four Representatives to represent the City in the next General Court, that being the number agreed upon by the City Council. Also, to give in their votes for or against a proposed article of amendment to the Constitution of Massachusetts submitted to the people, pursuant to a resolve of the General Court, approved by the Governor, April 1, 1836, entitled 'Resolve for submitting to the people a proposed amendment to the Constitution.' The poll to be kept open until four o'clock, P. M.

Our troops at Tampa Bay have opened a new campaign against the Seminoles with very good success. They landed at Tampa on the 29th ult., and Col. Lane with twelve mounted men and one hundred friendly Indians, pursued a party who had burned a house. After a rapid march of twelve miles, they came up with the enemy. Both sides fought bravely, but the hostile Indians were driven into the hammocks. The life of Col. Lane was saved by a Mr Kelly, of the regulars, who seeing an Indian taking aim at the Colonel, threw himself before his officer and received the ball in his own body.

MONEY PRESSURE. As two young men were standing at the end of the bridge in the village of Columbia, Penn, and talking with the gate keeper, a stranger came up and desired them to give him two five dollar bills for a ten.—One of the young men took out his pocket book, which the stranger snatched away and fled. The young men pursued him, and having rescued the cash from his affectionate embrace, gave him a confounded thrashing.

FRACAS IN HIGH PLACES. In the Brooklyn Common Council on Monday evening, some angry words passed between the Mayor and Alderman Thomas, whereupon the Alderman gave the Mayor the lie. The Mayor arose in great wrath, and would fain have annihilated the Alderman, if it had not been impossible to convert the substantial proportions of one of these functionaries into ether. No blood was spilt, however, by the timely interference of the members, although it is thought the Alderman lost a little fat.

EXECUTION.—On the 14th of this month, David Work was executed in the vicinity of Somerset, (Ohio) for the murder of a boy. He took the matter very coolly from the first, and appeared vain of the *display* which he was making. When the Sheriff told him he had but ten minutes to live, and had better make good use of his time, he replied, 'Poh! five minutes are enough.'

DON CARLOS DEFEATED. The Carlist army, consisting of 14,000 men, under the command of Gen Gomez, has been totally defeated by the Queen's Gen Alaix, with the loss of several hundred killed, and 3000 prisoners. The engagement took place on the 21st September. There were great rejoicings at Madrid on account of the victory.

ACCIDENT.—A man named Jacob Holmes, a rigger by trade, fell on Wednesday morning from one of the yards of a schooner lying at India Wharf, into the dock. In falling, he struck against the side of the vessel, and broke two of his ribs. He was taken up nearly lifeless, and conveyed to his residence.—*Mer. Jour.*

THE WILLIAM GIBBONS. It is said that the engine and furniture of the William Gibbons steamer will be saved. The boat will be a total loss. When she had been out of time two or three days, the people of Charleston, humanely despatched one or more pilot boats with provisions, in search of her.

The Dr Wendell alluded to in the papers lately as a coiner of money in Piura, S. A. is the individual who was prosecuted here three years ago for resurrectionary practices on the Neck. Wendell was regarded by the medical students as a reckless dare-devil, and very dishonest. He was detected in more than one attempt at theft.

A forged check was presented at the N. Y. Manhattan Bank, by a countryman, who was taken up, when it was discovered that he had received pay for two or three checks in the same manner, purporting to come from the same person, who is a lady in New Jersey.

MURDER.—Thomas C. Eldy, living at the Three Brothers, on the Appalachia River, shot his own son with twenty-four buckshot, all of which were lodged in his body. The father behaved brutally after the murder, which was committed without any apparent cause.

TURN OUT.—The mechanics employed in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn have had a turn out, on account of a reduction in their wages. We hope they will be able to stand out long enough to bring their oppressors to terms. The laborer has been curtailed of his just dues long enough.

☞At a shooting match in Brewer, Me, a man from the West, shot with a rifle, at the distance of one hundred and twenty-five yards, and hit the bird forty-nine successive times.

☞An unfortunate man in Hagerstown, Md, by the name of Joseph Abile committed suicide by cutting his throat while in a state of inebriation.

A newspaper called The *Loco Foco*, devoted to the interests of mechanics and laborers, has been started in Buffalo.

FATAL ENCOUNTER. George B. Frank injured himself in New York, by running against a post, to such a degree as to cause his death.

The un-firemen of New York continue to be troublesome, they still take every opportunity to destroy the hose and engines.

ACCIDENT. Dennis Moran, born in Ireland, aged 22 years, was killed in New York by accidentally falling on a hair, which occasioned him to bleed internally.

A new packet ship was lately launched in New York over 800 tons burthen.

MARIA MONK. This young lady appears to be setting the world by the ears in a strange manner. It has been truly said that when a woman [illegible] to her sex, [illegible] all those delicate and retiring qualities which constitute her principal safeguard against Vice, she [illegible] than men. If her facilities for [illegible] diabolical [illegible] are not so great as those of the other sex, she may, [illegible] forward with less risk, as the deference which is paid to a woman cuts off from her the [illegible] which meet men at every step when they undertake to contend with their fellow men. The most masculine and unprincipled women that we ever saw, were great sticklers for this chivalrous indulgence, and while they did not scruple to act the man were very indignant if they were not, on every occasion treated as women. Of this description is no doubt the celebrated Maria Monk—a woman, perhaps, in form, but an absolute fiend in heart—who has laid hold of the privileges of her sex to perform the most malignant and diabolical deed of which history bears trace. It requires very little reflection to see to what her slanders tend. Seizing a popular prejudice against a sect of Christians who have quite as much right to worship in their own peculiar way as any other sect, she has forged lies calculated to kindle the fires of persecution, and bring about a state of things in this country worse than that which existed in Europe when the Pope set his foot upon the necks of princes. We hardly believe that this cankered prostitute is alone. There are no doubt aiders and abettors behind the curtain, whose festering bigotry should be exposed, and whose names should be held up to the contempt and derision of every American citizen.

PURITY, PROPRIETY, &c.—We have fallen upon very nice times. A writer says that when you see a person who is very careful in the choice of his words, and who takes a vast deal of pains that nothing offensive to modesty shall pass out of his mouth, you may feel well assured that the said precise person hath a mind filled with all manner of uncleanness. We agree with our author to the very letter—and do also believe that the great pains which some of our modern book-makers take to be wonderfully chaste and pure in their language and their selections, savors more of downright weakness of intellect than correctness of judgment. Ay, strength, beauty, and sublimity are daily sacrificed to a squeamish and most ridiculous parade of *delicacy*. One writer tells us that there are so many *ladies* now before the public as authors, we should be very particular, and sacrifice every thing else to a sort of dainty delicacy which clips the wings of genius and outrages nature herself. Now, for our humble part, we do not think this argument bears upon the case, or that the distinctive features between masculine and feminine composition should be dropped because female writers come among us—on the contrary, we believe that the closer our connection with woman becomes, the more cause shall we see for maintaining our distinctive qualifications as men. It is the contrast, the variety which gives all the zest—and whether ladies write or not, still men should be men, and ladies should be ladies. True genius will be stripped of his free and natural attributes in this way, and we contemn such sickening attempts to make him a creature of fashion—his untamed eagle wing will never circumscribe its flights according to the approved methods of the drawing room. There is a great deal of spurious refinement in this day, which is fast taking the place of genuine feeling and true sensibility. It is a hypocritical mockery which arrays itself in pasteboard, and cramps the free exercise of the limbs. It is a singular fact that the oldest countries, where true breeding is understood, and where genius flashes her brightest rays, despise the false and shallow artifices used by people who desire to make words pass for things, and conventional simpers for modesty.

HISTORIANS.—A man often suffers more from the manner in which his good deeds are related than he does from his evil ones. Every man who aspires to the dignity of a historian, should not only make himself thoroughly acquainted with every nice fact which can have a bearing upon the deeds which he records, but should also divest himself of all the local and evanescent prejudices of the age and province in which he chances to live. Admitting that a high priest of the Jews had written the life of Jesus Christ, how would he have been represented. He might really persuade himself that he had been making a correct statement of facts, and yet the coloring, the almost (to him) imperceptible admission of spleen and bigotry would have been calculated to give the reader a very different opinion of that remarkable man than is now found of him by a perusal of the sacred writings. In fact, we ought in reading a history to bear in mind who is the historian. There are very few men who are sufficiently honest, and who are sufficiently divested of self-interest and of narrow prejudice to make impartial and just historians. The great 'Wizard of the North,' though unequalled in one department of literature, has abundantly proved in his Life of Napoleon that he was not fitted for the task of writing his life. There must be a sprinkling of magnanimity, and, in some cases, of self-devotion in one who undertakes to write the history of great events for succeeding generations. It therefore becomes those who have the management of editorial presses to sift thoroughly every man who sets himself up for a historian. The poison which such a one concocts may enter the veins for thousand generations, and produce derangement in the system of morality itself. There are always a great many ways of telling the same story.

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.—*Burns.*

So sang the bard of failing and of feeling—the nightingale of the North, and Scotia's pride. In one of those moments of despondency to which all men of Genius are more or less subject, this bard of the tender heart and manly soul breathes his devotional strain. 'Tis such an one as is seldom heard in the pulpit, and which the common-place beings of this world can never estimate. The errors, the weaknesses of this sweet bard were those of a fallen angel. There was nothing gross or mean mixed up with his nobler qualities. He was a being of poesy—a christalization of May dews and April showers, and the mingling of error and virtue in his composition, like the various colors of the rainbow, but rendered him an object of more interest to the admiring beholder.

THE CITY GUARDS. This valuable and spirited corps of citizen soldiery came out on Wednesday last for a parade and target duty. At eight in the morning they went to South Boston, and strove for the Philadelphia medal in target shooting—we have forgotten the name of the gentleman who won the prize. There were some fine shots. They then partook of a collation at Col. Amee's in South Boston, and then marched to the city and performed evolutions of the manual in State street; after which they were reviewed by the Commander-in-Chief before the State House. The discipline of this corps is surpassingly excellent. Their exercises were such as to call down unanimous and hearty applause. They well merited the compliment paid them by the Governor, that they had performed evolutions which he had never known to be performed except by the armies of Europe, and that their precision and excellence was equal to that of those armies.

Having been reviewed, they escorted their guests, the Governor and suite, the Major General and suite, and other officers and citizen guests, to Concert Hall, where they sat down to a most abundant and excellent dinner. After the cloth was removed the Company was addressed by the Commander-in-Chief with his usual eloquence. The Rev. Mr Lathrop, the Adjutant General and others.

The day passed off delightfully, and the Guards added to the high reputation they have heretofore enjoyed.

COWPER.—This bard of melancholy, and deep mental suffering, is an object of interest for his sorrows' sake, even if his strains had not rendered his memory eternal. But although an object of interest to others, his verses had no interest for himself. The affected pensiveness, the imaginary sorrows with which some persons array themselves, for the sake of exciting notice, are far different from the hard, dry, and aching griefs of those whom Nature has brought into the world to suffer. These may, indeed, be objects of interest to *others*, but they take no pleasure in creating such interest and would fain withdraw from the observation of their fellow creatures. There is no fun in being such an object of interest to the world.

ITALIAN EXILES. The Austrian vessel L'Unerv, recently at New York, had on board a number of Italian exiles, gentlemen of education and family, who had been banished for attempting to liberate their country from the domination of Austria. One of them had endured an imprisonment of eighteen years, during fourteen of which he was loaded with chains.

NORTHAMPTON, Oct 26. A meteor of magnificent size was seen to fall in the northwest about 7 o'clock Sunday evening. It lit up the sky like a flash of lightning, notwithstanding the atmosphere was obscured by clouds. In its progress to the earth it resembled the moon in size, and followed by a low, but distinct and continued rumbling sound, like thunder.

In the package of money stolen from Mr Holt, in this city, was a Bank note of the Bristol County Bank for $1000, No 1, payable to Mr Charles Porter, the only one of that denomination in circulation. Banks and Brokers are requested to look out for it.—*Trans.*

After saying every thing, good and bad, about the present candidate for the President, one political paper now declares that Jackson has come out in favor of Harrison. Go it ye cripples!

Two horses were sold at Portland lately, one for five dollars and a half, and the other for seven dollars. We should think that, at that rate, 'Beggars' and down-east folks 'might ride.'

Several slaves died a short time since of hydrophobia, on the plantation of Mr Ledrewe of Point Coupee Parish, Louisiana.

LADY-LIKE CONDUCT.—The pulpit of Chamber's church, corner of Broad and George streets, Philadelphia, was set on fire by a lady, on Thursday night.

☞A colored man belonging to Bangor was drowned near Fisher's Tavern on Sunday.

Tobacco juice taken into the stomach is said to overpower the poisonous qualities of arsenic.

POLICE COURT.

JAMES [illegible] was brought up by watchman [illegible] as a disturber and breaker of the peace—making outcry and kicking up [illegible], in a little house in Broad street.—Witness said that a large number of them were crowded into a small room, holding a wake on the body of defendant's little child—a babe but [illegible] month old. They were mostly intoxicated, and kept up their clamor [illegible] hours. Twenty or thirty were engaged in the riot, drinking gin and fighting. The wife of defendant spoke up, and declared that one of the witnesses [illegible] struck her child a violent blow on the face, which occasioned its death.

Judge—Have you any witnesses?

Def.—Yes, sir, upwards of twenty of them, and also recommendations from one or two gentlemen.

Judge—You have already had a pretty good recommendation here.

Witnesses for defendant were at length produced—not precisely in the same quantity as the ominous language of the prisoner threatened—there were but two. They testified that defendant never left the head of the coffin during the row—but as he had evidently officiated as master of ceremonies, and the testimony of the watchman was conclusive, defendant was fined $8 and costs.

JOHN MCCAULEY—a tall son of Erin, stepped up on the platform and confronted his accusers. He was charged with being a disturber and breaker of the peace. The Watchmen were on India wharf when they heard cries of watch! and other sounds betokening a state of public feeling the very antipodes to quiet, calm and 'poetic ease.'—Straightway they repaired to a place called Battery March where the said McCauley was found giving strong evidences of a combative disposition, and evincing that there was no rheumatism in his joints. $5 and costs.

—— —— was brought up as a common drunkard. He was charged with lounging about in the vicinity of the watch house, during the evening, throwing a jug at one man, knocking down another, and doing all those things while in a state of intoxication, which he would not do when sober. The witnesses also stated that he was a good workman, and when not under the influence of rum, very industrious, orderly, and peaceable. His late employer stated that he had always given him work, and was still willing to employ defendant. The prisoner had been introduced to Judge Merrill before for fighting. Defendant said that the other evening when coming out of his gate, he was insulted by two Irishmen, which gave occasion to the squabble. The Judge could not understand how defendant should meet with so many insults in his course through life. Witness for defendant said he was willing to employ the young man immediately, and would give him work as long as he had it. He also agreed to keep an eye on defendant, and inform an officer if he became troublesome. Prisoner was discharged on payment of costs—but warned that if he ever came to the Police Court again, on the same errand, he would go to the House of Correction. We have kept back defendant's name, because he is a poor man, and his character may improve.

CALDWELL'S GREAT CHANDELIER. We learn from the New Orleans Standard that Mr Caldwell, is just now completing the embellishment of his magnificent Theatre in that city. His workmen have just been putting up the grand chandelier in the centre of the audience part. This was manufactured in London, and cost $10,000—being the largest in Europe. Its weight is nearly *two and a half tons!* and it is composed of 23 cwt of brass, 9 cwt of iron, and 9 cwt of cut glass—the last being in 23,600 pieces. It is emblematic of the United States, containing in the top border a compartment of twenty-six eagles and stars, surmounted by a gilded cornice of *fleur des lis*. In diameter below it is twelve feet. It will be lighted with gas by one hundred and seventy-six burners; yet instead of a blaze, the effect will be that of a soft moonlight.

How much is the Drama in this country indebted to Caldwell! Had our country one half dozen men like him, that ancient and lasting institution would rise from the darkness which envelopes it, and be of more effect than all the didactics of pulpits and lyceums. The drama always will be supported, but we fear never again dignified as formerly. Avarice rules, and that which does not actually *produce* in our country is *useless*.

It is said that the proprietors of lands at Van Buren Harbor have offered to the New York and Erie Rail Road Company one fourth of the city plot of Van Buren, equal to about 3000 building lots, the value of which at $100 per lot would be $300,000; and they have also offered to subscribe towards the stock of the company a sum sufficient to construct a branch rail road between that place and the road above named, provided the Company will run their cars to and from the harbor, establishing *depots* and place it in other respects on a footing with Dunkirk, the present point of termination for the road on the Lake. In the event of a refusal on the part of the Rail Road Company, the proprietors have determined to convey the 3000 lots in trust to be held as a fund for building wharves and a breakwater at Van Buren.—*Balt. Am.*

AFFLICTING ACCIDENT. Mr Asa Sweet, aged 53, and the father of seven children, while at work in his Ashery in South Rutland, Jefferson Co, fell backwards into the cooler, which contained twenty or twenty-five gallons of the red hot liquid. He succeeded in extricating himself and fled to the street; but before aid arrived, all his clothes were burned off him. He was conveyed home, and lingered twenty-four hours, when he expired.

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW. Mr Maelzel has got back again with his astonishing exhibitions of mechanical skill, and opened last night. We need not remind the public that Mr M. has the original Panorama of the burning of Moscow. As Mr M. will not remain long in town, we recommend to all who have not seen this thrilling spectacle to call without loss of time.

HOW DOES YOUR LORDSHIP.—Hackett, the comedian, discovered on his recent visit to Europe, that he was heir to the title and estate of a Baron. He is, therefore, entitled to a seat in the House of Lords. Mr Hackett was brought up a merchant, and was compelled by adverse circumstances to seek a different mode of obtaining subsistence. He chose the stage. He may now doff the pasteboard mockery of nobility, and assume the real Simon Pure. Success to him!

TELESCOPES. We are gratified to learn that Newark College has received one of the most powerful reflecting Telescopes in the United States; there are but three of equal power in this country. It was manufactured by Amasa Holcomb, Esq of Massachusetts, and is on the Herschelian plan. Its length is fourteen feet with a ten inch speculum.—*Wilmington (Del) Gaz.*

ROBBERY. A room in the Exchange Coffee House, occupied by two gentlemen from the Island of Cuba, was entered on Wednesday night, during their absence, and two trunks belonging to them were broken open and robbed of a considerable sum of money in doubloons and dollars. One trunk was plundered of about $450 and the other $150.

O'CONNELL'S ADVENTURES. We used to hear some time ago, a great deal about B. B. Mussey's publishing this work, but latterly the subject has been dropped entirely. This should not be—the book is needed, and frequent enquiries are made concerning it, and it is gross injustice to the author has to delay its publication.

☞ The Portland Daily Times, in speaking of charges which the Traveller has made against the Directors of the Bangor, very judiciously observes:—

'But it is unnecessary to defend them [the directors] from the attacks of the *Editor of the Traveller*. He and they are too well known to require this.'

A treaty has been concluded with the Ioway, Sac, and Fox tribes of Indians, by which they have ceded and relinquished to the United States, all their claims to the strip of land lying west of the State of Missouri, and north of Missouri River.

An Irish juggler, in New York, who attempted to raise the dead, according to a previous promise, *failed* in the performance of his duty—the dead being as obstinate as some of the living. This is the fifth heavy failure in New York.—The juggler was sent forth in sore discomfiture.

CITY GUARDS.—This fine looking company marched by our office Wednesday in fine style. We saw Hon. Edward Everett among them. These soldier folks do keep the poor Governor trotting around at a sad rate. Nevertheless, *exercise* is good for sedentary men.

The alarm of fire Friday afternoon proceeded from the house of Mr Collier, in Tileston street, owing to the roof taking fire. It was extinguished without much damage.

☞ A pamphlet has been laid on our table, entitled 'The Hoe'—a sarcastic little work, written in answer to the Rev. Mr Gregory of Woburn, by an Abstinence Man.

DEATH BY STRANGLING. On Monday afternoon, Mr William Brumledge, of Eldridge street, New York, was choked to death by a piece of meat.

CHOLERA IN CHARLESTON. During the week ending on the 10th inst, thirty-one colored persons and three whites died of cholera.

The term of the Supreme Judicial Court will commence at Dedham on Tuesday next. The trial of George Walton, for highway robbery, will come before this Court.

SAFETY! The Star says that, 'Ohio is safe.' We are glad to hear it, for we had feared that it had gone afloat down the Mississippi.

BOWERY THEATRE. The rebuilding of this theatre is going on very rapidly.

☞David Hand of Litchfield, fell a distance of eight feet, while intoxicated, and broke his neck.

NOT SLOW. John *Swift* has been re-elected Mayor of Philadelphia.—*Boston Post.*

GENEROUS. The Star says of an actor, 'he performed in Shylock for his benefit.'

Miss Ellen Tree, the celebrated beauty is thirty five years old—but English women hold their own well.

FIRE. Three or four houses were destroyed in Williamsburgh, by fire on Wednesday morning.

MUTINIES.—The frequent mutinies on board of American vessels have begun to arrest the attention of the community, and the question naturally arises, and has been asked [illegible], 'Are these mutinies owing to [illegible] in the [illegible] or to the officers?' We unhesitatingly answer, it is the fault of the *captains* and *officers*. [illegible] have often been awakened in behalf of the [illegible] sailor, who, destitute of influential friends or [illegible], looks forward to a long career of toil and hardship, [illegible] on the element on which he so often risks his all. Like the [illegible] maiden whom Cowper describes, we could sometimes almost 'weep at what a sailor suffers.' Cut off from the endearments of home, stripped of all the tender [illegible] which render sickness and pain almost a season of repose and enjoyment to landsmen, he eats his hard crust and salt beef amid storms and toil, from which night affords him no relaxation. How barbarous then, if, added to his other sufferings and bereavements, those who have the right to demand his labor at any moment, strive to accumulate his sorrows and add to his inevitable hardships by tyrannical treatment. Is it in human nature to endure every thing without a murmur? Is it not enough that a sailor performs his hard duty, without adding thereto abuse and stinging invective. Yet it is in vain to deny that many of our ship-masters and officers make a merit of showing their contempt of seamen—they are proud of heaping burthens upon this very useful class of men, and piling insults upon their heads, which their situation gives them many opportunities of launching forth upon their patient victims. Is it strange, then, that insubordination should sometimes occur? And what is the remedy? Perhaps the legitimate way of coming at the remedy is first to point out the cause. Merit is too often overlooked by the merchant in procuring officers for his vessel. There are many seamen of good capacity and habits who cannot and will not stoop to the abject and degrading practices which those have recourse to who are placed over them. Men of but little nautical skill, but of the most cringing and servile dispositions, insinuate themselves into the good graces of owners of vessels and procure stations for which they are incompetent—and as the mean-spirited man is always a tyrant when he gains power, so do these fellows tyrannise over the crews which are entrusted to their command. Also, many of the persons who are put in as captains and officers of vessels are individuals who have no other claims to notice but a time-serving and most accommodating disposition where their interest is concerned. They are men of low families, whose breeding has been neglected, whose education has only qualified them to *serve* instead of *command*. That such men should be tyrants is perfectly natural.

Men taken from the higher classes of society—gentlemen of education and breeding, seldom tyrannize over their inferiors. We do not often hear of mutinies in our navy or in the Liverpool packets—for those vessels are for the most part, commanded by men of good birth, breeding and education. When aristocratic men take command they are more lenient to their crews. They have been accustomed to good living, themselves, and cannot imagine how seamen can do without some of the comforts of life. It is by raising low-born and low bred men to command, that the tyranny complained of ensues, and rebellion follows as a matter of course. Sailors are men, and they cannot respect captains and officers who are not better than themselves. Very few men, of any class, are wholly destitute of veneration, and when they are placed under officers who have the manners of gentlemen, whose breeding and education have been superior to their own, they are quick to perceive where deference is due. But when some fellow who was born in a hovel, and raised on cabbage stalks undertakes to domineer over them, they cannot but be sensible of their degradation. Such a man thinks that any thing is good enough for sailors, and if there chance to be among his crew men of larger minds than his own, he rejoices in the opportunity afforded him to triumph over his superiors in a humble station. If our ships could be more generally officered and commanded by men of good families and education, who, never having been subjected to degradation themselves, love not the *sweet change* from servant to master, the sailors would be much better treated, and fewer mutinies would be known. Ignorance and vulgarity in power will always engender oppression and consequent revolt. The frequent cases of rebellion on board ship which have latterly occurred, convince us only of one fact—that seamen have been more than usually abused and trampled on.

CROAKING. The Journal of Commerce complains that a couple of the New York penny papers, in this time of extreme money pressure, have published the names of houses and one bank which they say have failed. The Journal says that there have been some half a dozen failures of reputable houses, but doing business on a limited scale—and that there is no truth in the statement of the penny papers in this respect.

FINE BLACK WRITING INK is for sale by Thomas Groom, No 18 State street. The advantages of good ink are so great that we need say little to those who are in the habit of using a great deal, to induce them to give Mr Groom a call. It would appear, by some manuscripts which we have seen, that the writer had forgotten that one of the objects of writing was to render their ideas legible to others' eyes besides their own. Mr Groom has a sure cure for such pallid defects.

☞Lieutenant Wilkes of the Navy, who went to England for the purpose of purchasing instruments for the South Sea Expedition, was received by the scientific men of the 'old country' with great courtesy. They express themselves with warm approval of the liberal-minded and enlightened policy of our government.

STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY. A little black boy was found on board the packet Columbia from Charleston bound to New York. He had secreted himself on board the vessel while she lay in Charleston. He was dragged from his hiding place, and put on board the schooner Globe from Boston, bound to Charleston.

NOW FOR IT! The College of Teachers in Cincinnati have offered a premium of one hundred dollars, or a gold medal of that value, for the best essay illustrative of the maxim, 'Knowledge is power,' competition being open to every man in the country. A noble subject—go ahead!

POLYGAMY. A surgeon dentist named Aldis Brainard, has been sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand dollars, and endure two years' imprisonment in a dungeon, for marrying an unaccountable number of wives. He was hauled up at Augusta, Georgia.

A WOOD-NYMPH. A new work is to be published simultaneously in New York and London, entitled 'The Female Robinson Crusoe.' It is founded on the story of a young lady who was lost in the woods of Illinois and remained there several years.

INDEPENDENCE. The only individual belonging to the National Theatre who refused to play gratuitously, on Saturday night last, for the benefit of the Bowery sufferers, was GEORGE STEVENSON

GOOD SPEC. A young man by the name of Cochran, who has invented a new kind of rifle—recently exhibited at the fair of the American Institute—has sold the patent for *three hundred thousand dollars.*

The people of the town of Dunstable in New Hampshire propose to petition the Legislature for a change of the name of the town to Nashua, the name of the flourishing manufacturing village situated in that town.

ACCIDENT. Several convicts were badly wounded and maimed by the unexpected explosion of gunpowder. One of the unfortunates had the side of his face and the lower jaw nearly blown off.

CURIOSITIES IN ARKANSAS. A man in Arkansas has bound over his wife to keep the peace, she having drubbed him three times. Only think of that, a man let his wife lick him!

THRIFT, THRIFT, HORATIO! An Irish lad who came to work at Fall River several years ago, and received but 92 cents a day, has gone home to Ireland with $1500 in his pocket, the fruit of his hard earnings.

Mr Lombard, the merchant of Bangor whose rash hand deprived a fellow creature of life, has been found guilty of manslaughter. Sentence suspended until the decision of a law question.

CHOLERA IN FLORIDA. A letter from Rice Hope, North Santee, gives a melancholy account of the losses on the plantations by Cholera. One planter had lost forty-six of his best hands.

VETERANS. Four men lately appeared as witnesses in a will case at the Lancaster Assizes, whose ages amounted to 328 years. One of them had on his Sunday coat, which he had worn sixty years.

FATAL ACCIDENT. A young lad named Evans, was killed in Mr Shoenberger's Rolling Mill, in Petersburgh, on Thursday of last week, by being caught in the roller while reaching for a can of oil.

WINTER. Ice formed on Monday night in some places in this city, half an inch thick. This looks like Winter.—*New York Times.*

It would seem so to a *superficial observer.*

SUN AND STAR. Major Noah is out against the penny papers again, and the Sun is trying to dazzle him. It is a droll state of the atmosphere when the sun and stars both shine at once.

ACCIDENT. While two men were employed on the stone church (Baptist) in Alton, Ill., the whole gable end fell and crushed two workmen to death.

GOTHAM SQUABBLE. Having received a license for a new Post Office, the New Yorkers have now fallen by the ears respecting the location of it.

The new basins at the Fairmount Water works, Philadelphia, have been completed. 24,000,000 gallons of water are now contained in all the basins.

☞Mr Samuel Towle of Winthrop, Me, had his pocket book, containing $2000 stolen at the Park Theatre, New York, on Tuesday night.

HEAD-WAY. The citizens of Cincinnati are doing a great business in the way of phrenology.

Capt. Vanderbilt, of the steamboat Lexington, has published in the New York Commercial Advertiser of Wednesday, a communication in which, after copying two paragraphs from the Boston papers relative to the speed of the Narragansett on her trip from New York on Saturday last, he denies that she surpasses in speed all former boats, and adds, 'If there is a matter of doubt as to the boat of the greatest speed on Long Island Sound, let it be tested. I will offer the following wager as a tester—$5000—that no boat has ever, or can make within thirty days from this time, they naming the day, a passage from New York to Providence *in as quick time as the Lexington has made it, on a regular trip, without an effort.* It must be borne in mind that in this they may make every preparation for the race, take no passengers or freight.

'Or I will offer the following as a challenge. I will venture Ten or Twenty Thousand Dollars that no boat (plying on Long Island Sound,) can go from New York to Providence in as quick time as the Lexington can, on any day (to be named now,) after December next, at which time my boat is in her winter quarters.'

BENEFIT OF OPPOSITION. On one day last week—Tuesday we believe—owing to previous notice that there would be an opposition boat from Providence, and that the fare would be reduced to one dollar, a large concourse of travellers to the number of 500 assembled there, expecting to be carried to New York at the reduced rate. The opposition boat did not, however, make her appearance, and the Captain of the President—whose regular day it was—declined receiving less than the usual fare $5—and consequently pocketed an extra $2000 as easily as he desired.

Again, when the Narragansett came on from New York on Saturday, she was opposed by the Cleopatra, and the fare was put at $1—meals (supper and breakfast) extra. After supper on Saturday evening, and before the company, which was very numerous, retired to rest, one of the bellmen was sent round to say to say that 'Gentlemans what want breakfast will please step up to the Cap'ns office and pay for tickets.' The consequence of the notice was a rush to the office, and the sale of three or four hundred tickets at 50 cents each—not one of which was used—as the boat arrived in Providence before daylight, and the train was in readiness to carry the passengers immediately to Boston.—We do not learn that any of the passengers thought it worth while to remain in Providence a day, for the sake of saving fifty cents by breakfasting on board the steamboat.—*Transcript.*

NEW COUNTERFEITS. $10, Bank of the United States, new plate, letter G, S. Jaudon, Cashier, N. Biddle President.

$10, Bank of Rochester, letter B, J. Seymour Cashier, F. Bushnell President.

$5, Bank of Ithaca, letter B, A. St. John Cashier, L[illegible] ther Geer President.

$5, Bank of Utica, letter H, M. Hunt Cashier, H. H[illegible] tington President.

$10, Jefferson County Bank, letter A, O. B. Brainard Cashier, O. Hungerford, President.

$5, Hartford Bank, letter B, H. A. Perkins Cashier, Jas. Trumbull President.

$1, Bank of Gennesee, etter A, J. S. Ganson Cashier, T. Cary President.

$5, Bank of Whitehall, H. W. Palmer Cashier, P. H. Myers President.

HAPPINESS.—Exciting pleasures never produce happiness. Every one's experience will approve this. Unfortunately, the votary of pleasure rarely draws a useful lesson from this fact. It does not seem to occur to him, that if the excitement in which he has sought to find pleasure has not yielded it, but has invariably produced a reaction which sinks him into the lowest depth of misery, perchance a uniform evenness of temper, and a seeking for enjoyment in the calmness of right thoughts may bring that which he so ardently desires. In well regulated affections alone can be found true enjoyment. There must be a calmness of thought—an even going temper—and a rationality about our pursuits, or we can never say life is pleasant. The immortal mind turns away dissatisfied from grovelling pursuits, and pines in weariness and pain for nobler joys.

POLITICS AND GALLANTRY. During a contested election at Strafford, when Sheridan was a candidate, the Lady of Sir Ralph P—— made great exertions to obtain votes for him. On the morning of the last day's poll, when her Ladyship's assistance was of the greatest importance, she declined leaving the house, in consequence of the death of her monkey, unless Sheridan would give her an epitaph for him. 'You shall have it,' said he; what was your favorite's name? 'Jim,' sobbed the afflicted fair one. Her tears were, however, speedily dried, and succeeded by radiant smiles, on hearing the ready wit exclaim, in a most pathetic style—

'Alas, poor Jim!
I'm sorry for him!
I'd rather by half
It had been Sir Ralph!'

Sheridan was at the head of the poll that evening.

The following from the Boston Pearl, betrays its author. It may appear in the next edition of 'Corrected Proofs':

'OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.'

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO F**** A** C*****.

'To sleep, *perchance to dream*—
Ay, there's the *scratch!*'

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
I've felt the bloody bite
Of swarming bugs around me.
The oaths and growls, and bootless scowls,
The scratches unavailing,
The lamp that shone, now dimmed and gone,
As in the dark I'm wailing—
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When I remember all
The bugs once linked together
I've seen around me fall,
When touched with poison feather,
I feel like one who lies alone,
In darkened torment kicking,
Yet with a light and feather might
His foes slay on the ticking—
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Daniel Kelley to Sally Clark of Piermont, N H; Daniel Barnard to Mary Jane Tuck; James Snow of the firm of W & J Snow, to Nickolar Ashton, youngest daughter of F Ashton Esq.

In this city, Dr Abner Wheeler to Caroline S. Harris.

In this city, Wm D Neal to Eliza Hopkins; both of Concord; Thomas Bachelder to Sarah Webster; George Golbert to Mary Ann Ruck; James McGinnis to Sarah Lawler; Henry O'B[illegible] to Ann Cambridge; Wm T Valley, of Providence, to Hannah D Ingalls.

In this city, George Harper to Almina B Sanborn; John M[illegible]nis to Ann Jones; William Withington to Belinda A Holmes; Augustus Brown to Elizabeth Ann Spear; William A Dunlap to Mercy R. Joy.

In this city, Samuel L Gerry, of the firm of Gerry & Burt, to Martha Caroline Jewett; Robert Hooton to Margaret Pinkney.

In this city, Philo F Packard to Mrs Mary Willey; Josiah B Haydn to Eliza Ann Brown; Thomas Williams to Sophia Ashton.

At Charlestown, Rev Henry Bacon, of East Cambridge to Eliza Ann Munroe.

At Charlestown, Samuel T Johnson to Abby B Porter; Jeremiah Clark, of Brewster, to Margaret Thayer.

At Danvers, Amos T Frothingham, of Charlestown, to Almira Wells.

At Canton, Capt. Alonzo Follansbee to Nancy S Mackintosh.

At Woburn, Wilder S. Thurston, of Boston, to Ann M Pierce.

At Beverly Rev. Otis Wing, or Gloucester, to Mrs Lucy Masters, of Manchester.

At Andover, Moses A Dow, of Boston, to Elizabeth T Houghton.

At Providence, Thomas E Reardon, of Baltimore, to Helen C Bolt, of Boston.

At Feltonsville, O. Rice to Sarah M. Ball, of Leominster.

At the Government Chapel, Malta, Charles Thornton Cunningham, Esq of Harrow on the Hill, England, to E A Heap, second daughter of S D Heap Esq, U S Consul at Tunis.

DEATHS.

In this city, widow Rebecca Ring, 77; Mary, eldest daughter of Samuel Thaxter.

In this city, Mrs Johanna Caroline Eberle, 65; John D Bridge 30; Samuel Brown Gibbs, 37.

In this city, Henry Morse, 56; Augustus Hildreth, 42.

In this city, John McNorton, of Moultonborough, NH, 23.

In this city, Henry A H, son of Rev Daniel M and Julia M Lord, 3 mos; also, Mrs Julia M, wife of Rev Daniel M Lord, 30 years; suddenly, John Cotton, only son of John Center, 2 yrs.

In this city, Capt Nathaniel Howland, 67.

At Charlestown, Sarah Jane, youngest child of Asa Bird, 4.

At Charlestown, Mary Frances Brown, 8 mos.

At Roxbury, George Watson Cobb, 7

At Cambridgeport, John W Wetherbee, 2.

At Waltham, Elisha Livermore, 51.

At Medford, George Clisby, A. B. graduate of the late Senior Class of Williams College, 20.

At Salem, Sarah Parker 73, widow of the late Daniel Parker, Esq, formerly of Haverhill, Mass.

At Andover, Wm Frost, a soldier of the revolution, 82.

At Leominster, Lois Wood, widow of the late Michael Wood, 100 years, 6 months, and 6 days.

At Milford, Eleazar Hunt, 58, after a sleep of about five days, without groan or struggle.

At Manchester, Hannah, widow of the late Capt Thomas Leach, 57.

At Weymouth. Betsey, wife of Oliver White of New York.

At East Bridgewater, Susanna Vinton.

In North Bridgewater, Mary Ann Russell, wife of Zibeon Shaw formerly of this city, 21.

At Dover, Calvin Richards, Esq, 54

At Cheshire, Ct Rev Reuben Ives, 75, one of the oldest of the Episcopal clergy of the diocese of Ct.

At Litchfield, Ct, Abel Beach, of Torrington. in the 100th year of his age.

At Waldoboro', Me, Isaiah Cole, a patriot of the revolution, 80; he was one of Gen Washington's life guards, and was in the battles of Monmouth and Lexington.

At Bangor, Jacob T Aldrich, 29

At New York, Sarah Cutler, 75, relict of the late Benjamin C Cutler, Esq, of Boston.

At Bedlow's Island, N. Y. Sarah, consort of Maj D Wilcox, U S Army, 33.

At Philadelphia, in the 78th year of his age, Gilbert Robertson Esq, Consul of H's Britannic Majesty.

At Richmond, Va, Slowey Hays, daughter of the late Moses Michael Hays of Boston.

In Norfolk, Frederick Vogle, of Boston, 43.

At Wilmington, N C, Lemuel Trescott, a native of Charlestown, 18.

At Mobile, William Sinclair, of Boston, 30.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1836.

PRIZES!

The decision upon the articles written for the prizes, offered by the Publishers of the Galaxy is postponed until the First of January next, when all articles will be submitted to a committee without fail.

The Publishers therefore continue their offer of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

for the best tale,

TWENTY FIVE!

for the second best; and

TWENTY FIVE!

for the best Poem; articles to be sent FREE OF POSTAGE, to the Publishers, with the name of the author, in a sealed envelope. The seal of the successful only will be opened.

Unsuccessful authors will be entitled to the Galaxy without charge for one year provided their articles are deemed worthy of insertion.

THE BOY OF GENIUS. A wide green extended before the Academy at M——. On this spacious play-ground shoals of boys, of all ages, sizes, and dispositions, were scattered. Pleased with the scene, which accorded so well with our most agreeable reminiscences, we reined in our dappled grey, and having tied him to a mossy rail, sauntered over the peopled lawn. Here was indeed a variety. It has been justly said that among boys there is no aristocracy. Yet it was not difficult to distinguish between the lad whose infancy had been guarded by the careful hireling, and him whose brawling childhood had passed in the public streets or on the sunny side of a ditch. There is a delicacy of feature, of manner, and bearing, in the natural aristocrat which latent good fortune cannot engraft upon a humble stock. Yet here all such distinctions were forgotten, and the lad who could bawl the loudest, run the fastest, and whose arm possessed the most nerve, occupied 'the centre of the glitt'ring ring.' These wild and reckless youths had, none of them, passed that age when boys consider their grandmothers infallible, and listen to innovation as to a crime. Our eyes grew tired of watching the bounding ball in its comet-like flight—the revolving hoop that continually 'mended its pace with beating,'—the plunging kite, backed by its *long train of circumstances*, and even the more quiet game of marbles. Therefore, we moved toward another part of the plain, where a reclining group was collected, who seemed intently occupied by something on the ground. We soon discovered that they were playing a game suited to their years, styled 'Jack Straw,' which consisted in letting drop a bundle of small sticks upon the ground, and hooking them off without stirring any excepting the one taken. While I stood listlessly surveying the operations of the lad employed in subtracting the sticks, one by one, from the heap, a movement in the little circle brought the countenance of one of the lads directly under my observation. At first, there seemed to be nothing peculiar in the expression of this face—but we were attracted towards it by the peculiarly luxuriant growth of dark glossy hair which fell around the temples. But when some circumstances, in connection with the game, aroused the lad from a sort of apathy in which he had been reposing, the expression which instantly lit up his countenance, gave something so interesting to his features that we at once became absorbed in the contemplation of their owner. Every moment betrayed something peculiar in his character and disposition; and, although his juvenile companions paid him no marked deference, yet we became convinced that there was that within him which pointed to a destiny far higher than that to which any of his associates might hope to attain.

We, however, said nothing to him or to any of the rest of the lads—but we contented ourself with speculating on the probable fate of the young multitude around us. They were now unaware of the trials and vicissitudes which awaited them in after life—they ran not beyond the present, and dreamed not of the many pangs that those now blitheful hearts of theirs' were doomed to encounter. As these thoughts passed through our mind, we caught the eye of the young genius, for such we had already set him down—and we perceived that, young as he was, the coming events long years of misery had cast their shadows before, and tinged his mind with those indefinite presentiments which are said to make sad the countenance of the ill-fated young. We longed to catch one last glimpse of a youth who had so much interested us, and then mounted our steed, and rode away. We knew nothing of the young genius—we had never seen him before, but his was a countenance never to be forgotten.

Several years had passed away since this adventure, and we found ourselves attending a commencement of C—— College. There we beheld the young genius again—the very tone of his voice was unaltered; but how changed the features which once wore the rosy hue of health; how dim those dark orbs that once flashed with such indescribable lustre. It was not difficult to learn something of his history. There were those present who knew him, and we soon discovered that we had not been mistaken when we set him down for a lad of no common destiny. He had given evidence to all his friends of a mind cast in the most gigantic mould; he had commenced a journey as on eagle's wings, and his upward course left all competitors behind, when *love* arrested his steps; his heart had been given to one who knew not half his worth, and falsehood had withered his glowing heart ere twenty summers had seasoned it for such a world as this. His disappointment in love had wrought a thorough change in his character, and he was now descending fast from the proud height to which he had attained.

Two years more passed away, and we went to the City Hall to hear Emmet plead in a case of life and death.—We mechanically turned our eye to the prisoner's box. It was impossible to mistake him! The young genius stood before us! We had watched his course thus far—even until we had gone with him to the foot of the scaffold. Where now were his friends—where his applauding acquaintances? Where were those brilliant anticipations? 'Tis well, thought we; he will escape a scene even in his youth where we are doomed still to play our part—still to wither with disappointment, and sicken with disgust.

WAR. War is wholly and intrinsically evil. To say nothing of the bad passions, the national antipathies, and jealousies which it engenders—to leave out of the question the blood that is spilled, the cripples that are made, and the families deprived of husbands, sires, and brothers,—the intrigue, the deceit, the falsehood, by which one nation endeavors to overreach another, must render the whole system disgusting and abhorrent to every considerate mind. When man labors to circumvent his fellow—to weaken his physical power, to cut off his sustenance, and crush his spirit for the sake of victory, what is the moral effect upon the mind? War is indeed the venomous night-shade which is rooted in, and nourished by, a hot-bed of every diabolical passion that likens man to the Infernals. No *Christian* nation ever went to war—for hatred is at variance with the fundamental principles of the Gospel, and dissension can never be consistent with the doctrines of a Prince of Peace.

CONUNDRUMS. The New York Mirror don't like conundrums, and thinks that time might be more profitably employed than in making them. That depends very much, neighbor Mirror, upon *how long* a time it takes to make them. It might be an unprofitable business for such heavy moulded wits as we have seen in our day. This attack upon conundrums is cruel. The little fellows take up very little room on paper, and modestly intrude themselves into one corner to surprise the reader with unexpected amusement. In a paper filled with tedious speculations or burthensome tales, they are as welcome as a speck on the Ocean, to relieve the monotony of the scene. We will conclude with one of this persecuted family:—Why are articles purloined from the Galaxy like a man looking in the glass? *Ans.* Because they may *see themselves in the Mirror*.

BREAD. Great consternation appears to have seized the community, on account of the rise of bread stuffs, (to use the hateful mercantile word,) but what would bread be good for that had not *risen*.

A TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE. In a neighboring village, the name of which we are not permitted to mention out at the confessional, many of the sturdy ones of the church became interested in the cause of Temperance.—Their labors gave great offence to the publicans of the village, and even to several members of the church, who could see no harm in tipping up a glass once in a while, provided they drank in moderation. Of all the Temperance reformers in the village, none was so obnoxious to the liberals as Deacon Ives, and the curses which where fulminated against him in the little bar-room of the Black Dove were as numerous as the chalk marks behind the door. Every one concerned was, of course, desirous of catching the deacon and his peculiar adherents in some over sight or misdemeanor. As this had so far been impossible, the *inventive* powers of the tavern-loungers were often put in requisition, and your gin cock-tail is a powerful whetter of the imagination—at least, so thought Lord Byron. Now it so happened, one warm summer day, that the landlord of the Dove, together with Jim Stevens, Ike Rosebud, and Sam Swallow were perambulating the adjacent country, for the purpose of shooting partridges. They were a short distance from the village, on the return, when they heard voices behind a clump of trees that wholly shut out the objects of their curiosity. Sam Swallow, whom Nature had formed for an eaves-dropper, crept stealthily along until he came to an opening in the bushes, when he became sensible of a close proximity to the hidden party. 'Give me another swig of the jug!' cried a voice, in whose tones he at once recognized Deacon Ives. His heart rose to his throat, and he pushed forward until he obtained a fair view of the revellers. There were, indeed, the zealous Deacon and several of his friends regalling themselves over some cold meat and bread—while, ever and anon, they put the jug to their mouths, and taking a hearty draught, smacked their lips with infinite gusto.

Sam ran back to his companions and told what he had seen. They were in ecstacies. The bird had fairly flown to their net, and now the often expressed declaration that the 'Temperance-gang' were a set of hypocrites, who would drink *rum* behind the door, was about to be established by proof positive. The sportsmen immediately resolved to dispossess the Deacon and his group of the jug by stratagem.

Accordingly, one of their number retired to a short distance and began to groan and scream, crying, 'Oh that cursed branch—it has let me down among these rocks! My leg is broke! help! help!' The deacon and his party started up, and ran off toward the spot from which the out-cries proceeded; and as soon as they were out of sight, the landlord and his companions leaped through the underwood and bore off the jug in triumph. The landlord retained possession of the *damning prize*, and ran directly towards the village, followed by Rosebud and Stevens, who vainly begged him to let them have a taste of the *critter*. The landlord shook his head, and waving the jug in triumph, dashed recklessly on towards the parsonage. The Parson descried their approach from the window of his study, and it was not until they rapped at his door that he could believe these wild revellers intended him the honor of a visit. They were, however, politely shown into the parlor—and then the landlord, displaying the jug, cried—'We thought it our duty, sir, to show you what hypocrites there be in your church. This, this jug, sir, was taken from Deacon Ives and'——

'Deacon Ives!' cried the Parson, receiving the fatal vessel from the hand of the spokesman. He took out the cork and poured some of its contents into a glass. He tasted—he drank swallow after swallow—the informers stared.

'I always drink such *good* liquor,' said the Parson. The landlord scratched his head. He tasted it in his turn. It was the best of *pure spring water*. The Parson's visitors urged other engagements—and could not stay long.

THE CITY GUARDS. On Wednesday last this capital company came out for parade and target duty. There were some fine shots made at South Boston—the prize being the Philadelphia medal. After partaking of a collation at Col. Ames's, they marched to the city and performed evolutions in State street. This corps have certainly attained to a high degree of discipline—and much applause was elicited from the spectators. The Governor declared that he had never seen the evolutions performed better by the armies of Europe. Having been reviewed by the Commander in Chief, they escorted their guests, the Govenor and suite, the Major General and suite, and other officers and citizen guests to Concert Hall, where they sat down to a sumptuous dinner. After the cloth was removed they were addressed by the Governor with his usual eloquence. His Excellency drew a comparison between the mercenary soldiers of a monarchical government, and the free citizens of a republic, who take up arms voluntarily for the defence of their own homesteads. The Governor was very happy in his remarks—and was followed by Rev. Mr. Lathrop, who remarked that he might be considered out of his place, but that free opinion introduced liberty, and that citizen soldiers support liberty—therefore ministers were in their right place when they supported a citizen soldiery. Mr. Lathrop related that during Shay's rebellion—the Chief of that conspiracy gave command that each of the inhabitants should quarter a certain number of his soldiers. The command was obeyed by all excepting a minister, who desired to know who were the men they were bringing to his house. He was answered that they were the General's soldiers.—He replied that he knew nothing about the men, and that they might tell Shay, if they chose, that he should have nothing to do with them. Shay appeared in person, and declared that, if his soldiers were not admitted freely, he must force them in—to which the dauntless servant of God replied, 'You may force them in, if you see fit, but it must be *over my dead body*.' Shay quailed beneath the majesty of virtuous patriotism, and the minister's house alone was unappropriated by the trai'rous soldiery.

Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn next addressed the Company.—He related an anecdote respecting La Fayette, and Morgan the spy. La Fayette was in want of a spy to send to Cornwallis, and Morgan was recommended to him. When the business was unfolded to M. he replied that he was willing to serve his country to the last gasp—but he could not consent even to assume the appearance of desertion. When La Fayette, however, explained to him the importance of the mission, he consented, but told the Marquis that if he was taken and hung as a spy, he desired him to write to his friends and inform them that he was not a deserter.—Morgan left the American Camp, and was taken by Cornwallis, whom he informed that La Fayette was well supplied with boats to cross the river. Cornwallis accordingly moved in such a direction as to fall in with La Fayette, who had not a single boat. The French fleet came up the river, and Cornwallis was surrounded. Morgan then came back, having persuaded six regulars to desert with him from the British army, who brought with them a cow-boy whom they had captured on the road. Such was patriotism in the undisciplined army of the Revolution—'but,' says Gen. Dearborn—'what will not patriotism and discipline united do?'

These remarks were followed by appropriate sentiments—but as we did not note them down at the time, they have slipped our memory.

☞ It does the heart good to see an old maid married, after all her vain struggles, her doubts, and her despair.—To see the smile of delight and of triumph curling around her withered lip as an old widower with eighteen children, or a lean-shanked bachelor of sixty, leads the *blooming* bride to the altar. No romantic lass of eighteen ever took a partner with such unaffected rapture as does the spinster of fifty. She really feels and looks young again, and is as proud of her poor conquest as Gen. Jackson was of his victory at New Orleans. Reader, if you wish to witness real happiness, go to the wedding of an old maid.

THE PEN. There is no instrument which is put to so many various and dissimilar uses as the pen. In the hands of the accountant, it is a mere mechanical tool—as much so as the smooth plane or the chisel, and reflects no more credit on him that uses it than does any handicraft tool on the workman. In the hand of the lover it is Cupid's dart, feathered and barbed. In the hands of an editor it is the lever of Archimedes. And when the poet grasps the quill, it becomes a wing to lift our thoughts above the world, and brush away the dust of earthly care.

BOB REGAN. Nobody cared for Bob. When any of the scholars had a plumb cake, marbles, or painted alley sent from their parents in town, Bob was not thought of. Some more favored wight was honored with a share of the good things—but no one thought of Bob. Whether he had any parents to send him presents or not, no one knew and no one cared. What was the reason? Was Bob selfish? By no means. Was he ill-natured or a bully? Neither.—There were moments when Bob was in great demand, but it was only when his services were needed. He was often called upon to confer favors, but never to receive one.—Bob's pockets were uncommonly large, and were always filled with various little conveniences, which no other lad thought it worth his while to preserve. If Bob saw a piece of twine lying on the ground, he would pick it up and put it in his pocket—he never stumbled over any useful little article which he could honestly stow away. In consequence, if any lad wished for a piece of chalk, Bob would hand it forth at a moment's warning. If a slate pencil was needed, Bob had a dozen in his long pocket for the use of applicants. His breeches were a regular finding store in which were stowed away ten thousand little indispensables which boys cannot do without, and yet they never can obtain at the right time. Bob was not much of a talker, but used to lounge about the *bounds* as a sort of supply waggon to an army—always ready to furnish, free of expense and without a grumble, anything that his school-fellows stood in need of. Still Bob seemed to have no object in view: he did not seek the favor of anybody by indirect means. He seemed contented with his lot, though neglected and unrewarded. Every body spoke of Bob with a sneer, yet every body stood in need of his services. It was not until Bob was hastily sent for by his father to come home and assist him with his mill, that the scholars began to find out his worth. They 'took no note of Bob, but from his loss,' and then the lad whom every one had neglected, became immortalized—but of what use was this immortality to Bob? He never again met with any of these late friends.

CHARLES DOUGLAS.—In speaking of Workingmen's papers a cotemporary says: "The Artisan was conducted by an honest and well-meaning man, but a downright enthusiast; a mere man of theory; a monomaniac in his calling." We must say that this is unhandsome language, to be applied to Charles Douglas, the late Editor of the N. E. Artisan. Mr. Douglas was no monomaniac, and if he was an enthusiast, it was only that warrantable enthusiasm with which every one is at liberty to urge a cause which he has at heart, and which he firmly believes to be right. There is an *enthusiasm* in downright and ingenuous honesty of which the mere politician knows nothing. Dr. Douglas believed that the humbler classes of society were oppressed, and that while others made their thousands in one week by mere speculation, *it* was hard that the poor man who supported a numerous family by the sweat of his brow should be turned off with "the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table.' Was the Editor of the Artisan a monomaniac for believing this—if so, how many others are so?—No. Douglas felt what he believed—he acted upon the principles of which he was a convert, and threw all his energies into the scale. It is because Douglas was *sincere*, *ardent*, and *able*, that he is termed an enthusiast and a monomaniac by his opponents. Had he made Interest his idol—had he coolly calculated chances, and sought as many of the party do, to build up *himself* while pretending to advocate the cause of the people, then he would no doubt have been perfectly sane, and "one who had an eye to the main chance." The disinterested labors of that man, the struggles which he underwent without the most distant prospect of reward, have never been fully estimated by the party to which he belonged. Among the many editors and expounders of equality he was "the noblest Roman of them all, for what he did was all in honor," and not for money and office. He was the *only* genuine friend to the working classes that ever edited a paper in Boston—and now that he has retired from the contest, and can no longer wield a pen, we will not calmly hear him abused. He was a man of mind, of eloquence, and modesty. Although we never embraced the peculiar creed of that or any other party, yet we must say that we think a more honest, liberal and talented man than *Charles Douglas* never occupied an editorial chair in this city.

THE DRAMA.

During the past week the National has done without the assistance of stars, and has been visited by excellent audiences, to witness the legitimate drama, performed as the Pelby family with Smith's assistance are well able to perform it. On Monday Jane Shore was performed, and drew a good house; and on Wednesday, Macbeth. On Friday Smith took a benefit which proved to be one indeed.

On Monday next will be the first performance of Bernardo del Carpio, a Tragedy written for Mr Eaton, and now in his possession having been purchased by him of the author. The play has been for a considerable time in preparation.

The historical fact upon which this tragedy is founded, is as follows. Alphonso, King of Leon and Castile had no children. The succession depended, in consequence, upon his sister Zimene. He endeavored to match her with some neighboring prince,—but before this could be accomplished, Zimene privately married the Duke de Saldana, a gentleman of the Court. The effect of this marriage could not long be concealed. Zimene was delivered of a son, and the King, highly incensed, imprisoned the father in the dungeons of Luna, and the mother in a Convent; he educated their son Bernardo, however, as his own. In process of time, when Bernardo arrived to man's estate, some officious personage informed him of the situation of his parents. From this moment, he used every exertion to influence his uncle to release his father. The King was inexorable, and Bernardo at last took up arms against him in despair. The war which he maintained, proved so destructive, that the nobles of the realm petitioned the King to release the Duke. The deceitful King offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, if he would surrender to him, in exchange, his castle Carpio. Bernardo without hesitation complied, and rode forth with the King to meet his father. The Duke had been strangled ere he was taken from prison.

The part of Bernardo will be represented by Mr Eaton. Mr Smith will perform the part of Castro written expressly for him. In addition to this, the tragedy will have a most excellent cast throughout. Several performer of high standing have volunteered their services in parts not such as they could command, in order to assist the play.

The following scene at the termination of the second act will give an idea of the stage effect thrown into the play.

ACT II.—SCENE IV.

Alphonso. (*Rising.*) Most loyal friends—nobles and gentlemen—
Think not our will has aught deserted us
For Spain's advancement, that to other hands
Our sceptre we resign—The load of years,
Which none have power to avoid, till death doth come
And free them from it, warneth us apace,
To render it more easy in the endurance,
By refuge from all agitating cares.
Bernardo our successor we do name.
Ye know him well, right fitted for the act
And now with our own hand, ere holy mate—
Do consecrate the act before the altar,—so
Will we the crown upon his forehead set,
In token of our love—and here proclaim him,
Sovereign of Spain. Advance, Bernardo!

[The King takes up the crown, BERNARDO rushes to his side and grasps it.]

Ber. King,
Say first my sire is free!
Alp. Ha! What means this!
Ber. Freedom for injured Saldana!
Alp. No! Never!
Ber. (*Throws the crown upon the table.*) Then never set that crown upon this brow,
Bought by a father's blood! Ne'er be this sword,
—Which here to just revenge I consecrate,—
Returned to its repose, till Saldana
Walk forth in Liberty!
Alp. Hold, boy—Thou'rt mad!
Ber. Ha! Shrinks thy guilty soul—Can'st thou not bear
The sun's bright blaze on thy deformities?
I've sued to thee in vain—now shall my voice
Blazon thy tyranny in trumpet tones!
Thy slaves may pinion me, and this my tongue
Tear out by the roots—yet with its last accents
Shall it bear witness 'gainst thee! Dost thou quail!
Thou hold'st before mine eyes a glittering crown,
And I must grasp it o'er the *murdered corse*
Of mine own father! Nobles of this realm!
Ye deem me son of him upon that throne—
The tale is false! The Duke de Saldana,—
He is my sire! A wretched dungeon holds him!
Stand ye amazed?—I grant ye cause for't!
Ye've been the tools of treachery! And I
Upon my bended knees have sued for justice!
He dared my prayers, and here, before high Heaven,
I stand, and do proclaim Alphonso—tyrant!
Rod. Ho! Treason, treason here!
Ber. Come, come, Rodrigo.
For I will speak! I do cry out for vengeance!
Vengeance and justice! Life and Liberty
For Saldana! (*Pauses.*) Stand ye silent here,
Nor lift a voice for me?
Cas. (*Passes to his side.*) I'll be thy friend—
Ay, to the very death!
Theu. So I resolve!
1st Noble. And I!
2d Noble. And I! } (*Those who entered with Ber. in the 1st Act.*)
3d Noble. And I!
Rod. Cease, I command ye!
Cease the upholding of a prating boy!
Ber. Boy, say'st thou?
Rod. Ay!
Cas. (*To Bernardo.*) Did I not tell thee so?
[He rushes to RODRIGO, and slaps him with his sword.]
Thou, I defy thee! come, revenge thyself!
Draw, hell-hound, draw!
Rod. (*To Guards.*) What ho! Secure that mad man!
Ber. (*Placing himself before Castro.* But ever me!
Rod. Traitor! Guards seize on them! away with both!
Ber. (*To Guards.*) Come, if ye will! yet look awhile on me!
Soldiers! My own brave men! Come seize your leader!
Come all! I've fought with ye! I've led ye on
To hundred victories!—We battled it
On Munca's plain! How echoed Alvah's hills
Our pealing shouts! Have ye forgotten all,
Mavorna, Osma, Cable, Lasmas,
And Morocco's heights! There—there we taught
Our threatening foes what Spanish arms can do
By Spanish hearts directed! But I stay
Your purpose! Ye are bidden to slay me—Strike!
See you! My breast is bared to you!
[Soldiers cross with a shout to BERNARDO's side.]
Brave souls!
Ye are true mettle still!
Rod. What, baffled! Ho,
The body guard, what ho!
[A file of soldiers rushes in and stand ready for the attack.]
Alp. Forbear! Forbear!
Will ye do battle in our very presence?
Rod. (*To body guard.*) My liege, these men are traitors! Charge upon them!
Ber. (*To his party.*) Draw ye for justice, and avenging heaven!
Fight, till each friend to tyrants, bites the dust!
On! like blood-hounds of war! and cry aloud,—
God, and Revenge for Saldana! On! on! (*All fight.*)
Cas. Come on! Ye'll find us ready! Friends, to arms!
Make for the Western gate—nor dare be conquered—
I'll hew me out a way!
[BERNARDO joins fight with an opposing noble, and advances to the front—then seeing RODRIGO he rushes to him]
Ber. Thou devil! Hoary lecher! Reverend traitor!
Come—that my sword may do a holy deed,
And rid the world of thee!
Rod. Thou'dst better died
Than ventured this. I'll hew thee limb from limb!
Ber. The boy shall teach thee how to be a man!
Have at thee!
[They fight in the front. CASTRO, nobles and soldiers drive the other party off in the rear. BERNARDO forces RODRIGO upon his knees as the curtain falls.]

The following scene will illustrate the character of Castro.

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

[A dungeon. CASTRO enters chained. A bench and rude table.]

Castro. So, so; all's right, all's just, all honorable.
The scales should alternate—now high, now low.
Fortune's a fickle wench—now heaping favors
That emulation mock; anon retracting
The sunshine of her smiles. But I grow sad;
I'll be no passer through a dungeon boast
The honor of my tread. Away dull gloom!
(*After a pause.*) What of the world without? The cringing knave
Who feeds my dainty table, seems, forsooth,
T'have lost that wagging instrument—his tongue.
Nor bribe, nor threat, t'exchange a syllable
Can e'er entice him. Ah, he comes again.
[Enter jailer with food, and places it on the table.]
'Tis not the sullen wretch has ever served me—
I'll wrest some knowledge, if he hath a heart.
Jailor. My lord, thy food.
Cas. Good friend, heaven bless thy tongue!
'Tis the first human sound, save the dull wag
Of mine own tongue, I've heard for long. Good fellow,
Where's he who erst attended to my wants?
Jail. He lies in the arms of sickness.
Cas. May she hug
Nor give the wretch enlargement!
Jail. Wilt thou eat?
Cas. Be not o'erhasty. How's the world without?
Jail. I dare not tell, my lord. (*Motions to withdraw.*)
Cas. Nay, my good friend,
Thou'lt not go yet. Remember all my converse
For many gloomy weeks, I've held with toads,
And slimy lizards, with some crawling snakes,
My poor companions here in misery.
And faith thy voice sounds glad to me. Come—come—
Sit here with me awhile. (*They sit.*)
Heaven bless thee, sir,
Thou hast some pity. He that came before thee,
Had more of beastly nature, than of man—
Not tears could move him.
Jail. He obeyed, my lord.
His orders to that end.
Cas. Thou hast a nature
To scorn foul commands. I read compassion
And kindness in thy face. What of without?
Jail. (*Hesitating.*) My lord, no word to speak, save of thy food——
Such were my orders. Should I disobey,
My head would answer for the willing fault.
Cas. Then thou'd'st betray thyself. Think'st there are ears
Other than mine to hear? Thou hast the power
To soothe my dying moments, and thyself
Escape unscathed. E'en now they do prepare
Unheard of torments for my body's pain.
Hast thou the heart to hide within thy breast
So cheap a solace for a parting soul?
Jail. (*Looking anxiously about.*) 'Tis rumored—I bethink me 'tis most certain,
That young Bernardo with his eager hosts,
Is pressing to thy rescue. His advance
Are but beyond the hills.
Cas. (*Starting up.*) Kind Heaven, speed him!
A blessing on thee, friend! Thou hast inspired
Hope, where despair reigned paramount. Once more
I'll question thee. Dost of my sister know—
Lady Elvira?
Jail. I must haste away—
Time speeds.
Cas. Ah, dost evade me! Now thou turn'st
Thine eye away. Thou hast a sad report!
What of my sister?
Jail. I will tell no more.
Cas. Sir canst thou succor lend the drowning wretch,
And then remorseless, plunge him in the wave?
By all thy earthly joys—thy hopes of heaven,
I do beseech thee let me know the worst!
Jail. She is a prisoner and lies restrained
within these very walls.
Cas. A prisoner—
And in his power! Alone—defenceless—lost!
My brain will turn with choking desperation.
E'en now perhaps he executes his will!
I shall go mad! Off with these servile chains!
Away, lest I do crush thee! Let me pass
To save a sister!
Jail. (*Restraining him as he rushes to the door.*)
Back! Thou'rt wild my lord!
Cas. That door unbar, and swear, here, here before me,
That thou'lt safe conduct give me to my sister,
Or I will slay thee with these swinging chains,
And mangle thee to atoms! Ope the door!
Jail. Hold thy rash hand. Thou know'st not what thou dost!
Cas. Christian, if thou canst answer to the name,
Without a blush take off these fettering bands—
Give me a moment's converse with my sister.
Jail. I dare not. It would instant seal my doom.
Cas. Sir, 'tis my sister in a villain's grasp—
Abandon to despair and vile misuse.
I would but counsel her to nobly die
Ere yield her honor! Haply might be saved
A sister's shame—a villian's triumphing,
And hellish passions trampling virtue down!
Thou wilt not suffer me? Be thy refusal
Recoiling on thy head! Blight seize thy hopes—
All good men's curses light on thee, and last,
When weary life is o'er, just heaven—
Jail. No more!
I'll lead thee to thy sister.
[Takes a key from his girdle and unlocks his chains.]
Cas. Bless thee—bless thee!
Lead on—I am impatient to behold her!
Already may he rush to execute
His hellish purpose. O that I may stay him!
—Yet hold—thy sword; should danger interpose
'Twill stead me well—thou can'st another gain.
Now sir, lead on!
Jail. Follow—keep close and silent;
And heaven be with thee! (*Exeunt.*)

☞ Our literary notices are deferred this week, but in our next number will come out the riper for having remained a while to mellow on the tree.

DELINQUENTS.

We presume that we have as much trouble in collecting our dues as other publishers. Some of our cotemporaries have adopted a plan of publishing the names of persons who neglect the settlement of their bills, under the head of delinquents—a custom which we intend to follow. It is often the case that papers are ordered to be discontinued by the Post Master when the subscriber's account is in arrear. Where such is the case we shall designate the names advertised by a star. We begin with

James Bebb—keeper of the La Fayette Hotel	$4,00
E. W. Dayton Sumerly of Keene, N. H.	2,00
David F. Strange—Taunton, Ms.	1,50

These names and others which will be occasionally added we shall continue in the paper from week to week unless we hear from those interested.

SALES BY AUCTION.

By J. M. ALLEN, Office corner of Milk and Congress-st.

Pews in Rev. Mr. Hague's Church.
On MONDAY next, at 3 o'clock,
In the First Baptist Meeting-house, corner Hanover and Union streets.

Pews No. 23, 26, 63, 87, 126, 130 and 137, unless the taxes due thereon are paid before that date.
By order of the Standing Committee.
JOHN SPENCER, Treasurer.

Blank Stationary, Fancy Goods, Account Books.
On TUESDAY next, at 9½ o'clock—at office—by Catalogue,
Part of the Stock of a Stationary and Fancy Goods Store.

NEW BOOKS.

THE Miscellaneous Works of Henry Mackenzie, Esq., containing 'The Man of Feeling,' 'Man of the World,' 'Julia de Roubigne,' &c., complete in one volume.

Paulding's Works, Volume 9. Containing the diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan; by Hector Bull-us.

The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man, by the Author of 'Hope Leslie,' &c.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
o29 2m 133 Washington street.

ENGLISH ANNUALS FOR 1837.

THE Oriental Annual, with twenty-two plates.
Jennings' Landscape Annual, with twenty-one plates.
The English Annual, with sixteen plates. For sale by
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
o29 1m 133 Washington street.

WHAT SHALL I GET FOR A BONNET?

TO meet this inquiry of the Ladies, the subscriber has opened a spacious room No 45 Hanover street, (up stairs) adjoining the Hanover Lyceum, and now offers a most extensive and beautiful assortment of new styles of Bonnets, particularly adapted for fall and winter use. It consists principally of—

Satin Beavers, made upon fur bodies, light and easy to the head;

Florence Straws, of the latest patterns and all qualities;

Colored (or mixed) Straws, a new style, very fashionable in other cities, together with almost *every other kind* that could be desired for Ladies, Misses or Children.

Having engaged some of the best and most experienced workmen to manufacture and finish his bonnets, and having secured other facilities for obtaining the best materials and the latest patterns, at the lowest prices, he is confident of being able to gratify and accommodate those who may favor him with a call. He also has taken great pains in obtaining a rich and splendid assortment of Ribbons, selected expressly for retailing.

o25 4t JAMES C. WHITE.

PRINTING MATERIALS FOR SALE.

FONTS of Pica; Small Pica; Long Primer; Bourgeois; Brevier; Minion; Nonpariel; 20 line Pica; 14 do; 12 do; 10 do; 8 do; 6 do; 5 do; 4 do; &c, &c, not half worn, and are offered low. Old Type will be taken in payment.

Also, Chases; Brass and Wooden Galleys; Type Cases; Column Rules; Pressing Papers, and other materials. Apply to
I. R. BUTTS,
s24 h—gtf No 2 School-st.

BILLINGS AND HOLDEN COLLECTION.

SUBSCRIBERS are informed that the above Work is now ready for delivery, in different kinds of binding, at the Bookstore of the publishers,
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
o22 4w 133 Washington-st

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—any number of active, responsible men, to act as travelling and local Agents, in procuring subscribers for the 'AMERICAN MAGAZINE,' and selling the bound volumes of the same work, in all parts of the United States.

This is a rare opportunity for energetic young men, as the selling of the two back volumes in connexion with procuring subscribers, will afford double wages. By obtaining five subscribers, and selling five bound volumes, daily, *any person will be sure to make* THIRTY DOLLARS *per week, clear of all expenses*. Apply to the subscriber, at Nos 18 & 20 Cornhill, Boston.
NOYES P. HAWES,
Publisher of the American Magazine
o7 h—g6w

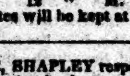
PRINTING PRESSES.

A GENERAL assortment of Tuft's and other Presses, new and second hand, and of all prices and sizes, may be found on application to the Boston Type and Stereotype Foundry, 39 Congress street. Orders for the above or other Printing Materials, addressed to the Agent, J. G. ROGERS, will receive prompt attention.

The Foundry have the Agency of Prout's famous PRINTING INK, and are constantly supplied with all qualities and colors from 30c to $2,50 pr lb. 2m s29

BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING,
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, NEATLY EXECUTED BY
MARDEN & CO.
No. 32, Congress Street, (Up Stairs.)
☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed.☜

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.



THE JAMAICA PLAIN COACH will leave Jamaica Plain,

At 7½ o'clock, A. M. 2 o'clock, P. M.
10 " "
Leave Boston Post Office,
9 o'clock, A. M, 5 " "
12 " M.
Slates will be kept at Charles Henns' Tremont Saloon.
o14 T. W. BENNET, Agent.

REMOVAL.

J. E. SHAPLEY respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from store No 110 to No 7 Hanover street, where he continues to keep for sale an assortment of elegant Fancy Goods, consisting of splendid embossed, inlaid and wrought Shell Card Cases; wrought and plain Shell and Horn Combs; Bead Bags; Bead, Silk and Buck Purses; a great variety of Pocket Books; Wallets; Memorandums; Fancy Boxes; Pocket Writing Aparatus; Payson's Indellible Ink; Spectacles; Thimbles; Finger Rings; Breast Pins; Ear Rings; an elegant assortment of Plaques and Belt Clasps, from 50 cents to $5; Clothes, Hair and Tooth Brushes; real Farina Cologne; Soaps; a variety of Perfumery; Watches, Clocks and Timepieces.

☞ Personal attention given to Repairing and Cleaning of Watches, Timepieces, Music Boxes, Jewelry, &c.
o17 1wis&2wes

BOOK-BINDER'S CAMBRICS, &C.

FOR sale by JOHN MARSH, 77 Washington-st, a fresh supply of Colored Cambrics, Thread Twine, Colored Skivers, Russia Leather, &c, &c. o15

MATTHEW BIRD,

CABINET MAKER, informs his friends and the public, that he has taken Shop No 9 Devonshire street, 3d story, where he will attend to all kinds of Repairs of Furniture, &c. Jobbing of all kinds personally attended to.

M. B. has now on hand a prime assortment of Box Wood, suitable for engraver's blocks, which he will cut to any pattern at short notice. 3m s17

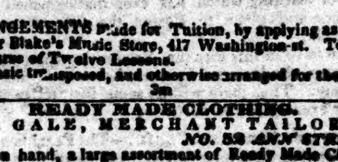
SOLOMON GUESS,

NO. 31 Exchange street, Boston, where he keeps constantly on hand NEW and SECOND-HAND CLOTHING; and all favors in the line of his business gratefully received.

Also, Clothes cleansed from Stains or Spots, by Steam, at short notice.

☞ Cash paid for new and second-hand Clothes.
Also, Clothes repaired. 3m A 10

J. S. CUNNABELL,
TEACHER OF THE GERMAN FLUTE AND ACCORDION.
ROOM NO. 3, BOYLSTON HALL, BOSTON.



ARRANGEMENTS made for Tuition, by applying as above; at Mr Blake's Music Store, 417 Washington-st. Terms $6 for a Course of Twelve Lessons.

☞ Music transposed, and otherwise arranged for the Accordion. 3m o7

READY MADE CLOTHING.
N. GALE, MERCHANT TAILOR,
NO. 53 ANN STREET,

HAS on hand, a large assortment of Ready Made Clothing suitable for the approaching season, such as—
Cloth and Petersham Surtouts;
Dress and Frock Coats;
Pantaloons and Vests, of every description.
—ALSO—
Cloths; Cassimeres;
Vestings;
Hosiery; Gloves;
Neck Stocks;
Linen Collars and Bosoms, &c.
All of which will be sold low for cash.
N. B.—Garments made to order at short notice.
o26 eop2m—op3m

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

DWIGHT'S Theology in 4 vols, new edition;
Dick's Works, in 1 vol;
Horne's Introduction to the critical Study and Knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, 2 vols, royal 8vo. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Fac Similes of Biblical Manuscripts;
Jay's Works, in 3 vols;
Haphen's System of Divinity, in 2 vols, 8vo;
Paley's Works, in 6 vols, 8 vo;
Chalmer's Works, vols 1 and 2, new ed;
For sale by LIGHT & STEARNS,
o6 3m No 1 Cornhill.

SUPERIOR PATENT FRICTION MATCHES.

THE only *Genuine Friction Matches*. Manufactured by Chapin & Phillips; for the immediate production of a light caused by rubbing the match quick and light against any hard substance. These Matches for quickness, sureness and safety, surpass any ever in America. Warranted not to be the least affected by the damp atmosphere, or impaired by long keeping. For sale by the only Agents in Boston, LEWIS & CO,
o3 1m 118 State st.

REMOVAL.

MR BONNEAU, the possessor of the new discovery in the vegetable kingdom, has removed to No. 33 Court street, where he will attend his patients from 10 to 12 o'clock, A. M.
o24 6t

A. E. JORDAN.
SHELL COMB MANUFACTURER,
No. 3 MILK STREET
☞ Combs repaired in the neatest manner. m 26

NATIONAL THEATRE.

☞ First Night of the new Tragedy of BERNARDO DEL CARPIO, written by a Gentleman of this city.

The Manager has great pleasure in announcing the name of
MR. C. H. EATON
for a limited number of Nights. He will perform the principal character in the Tragedy.

ON MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 31, 1836.
Will be acted (1st time) the new Tragedy entitled
BERNARDO DEL CARPIO;
OR, THE SON'S REVENGE!
ORIGINAL PROLOGUE written by ISAAC C. PRAY, Jr. will be pronounced by Mrs W H Smith

Bernardo		Mr C. H. EATON.
Castro	(his friend)	Mr W. H. Smith.
Theudo	(an Old Counsellor)	Mr Comer.
Rodrigo	(a General)	Mr Ayling.
Bertha	(Queen of Leon and Castile)	Mrs Pelby.
Elvira	(Betrothed to Bernardo)	Mrs Anderson.

To conclude with (4th time) the new Farce of
MAKE YOUR WILLS!
OR, THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY.
Septimus Plotter Mr Ayling | Joseph Bray Mr Jones.

PRICES: Boxes 75 cts; Third Tier 50; Pit 37 1-2; Gallery 20.
*Doors open at 6; Performances commence at 1-2 past 6.

ORATORIO OF DAVID.

THE HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY will perform the celebrated Oratorio of David, by Chevalier Neukomm, for the first time this season, on SUNDAY EVENING, (to-morrow.) Tickets of admission at 50 cents each; may be had of Parker & Ditson, or at the door of the Hall. Members will dispense with their privileges on this occasion.
Performance to commence at 6½ o'clock.
o29 J. HILL BELCHER, Secretary.

REMOVAL.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and customers that he has removed his stock from store No 34 to 14 Hanover street, where he continues to keep on hand the first quality of gold and silver Levers, Lepines and German Watches; Clocks and Timepieces; Music Boxes; Ear Rings and Finger Rings; silver and plated Spoons; silver and steel bowed Spectacles, of all ages and colored glasses; silver Thimbles; silver, shell and horn Combs; Plaques and Belt Clasps; Hair Brushes; Perfumery, and Pocket Books, wholesale and retail.

Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes and Jewelry cleaned and repaired in the best manner—charges moderate.

N. B.—Old Watches taken in exchange for new.
WILLIAM PRATT,
o1 tf 14 Hanover-st

ORDERS RECEIVED

FOR the SPLENDID ENGLISH ANNUALS. The following elegant English Annuals, will be found worthy of their former reputation, and superior in the beauty of embellishments and interest of contents to any previous years.

The Oriental Annual, 1837. Lives of the Mogul Emperors, by the Rev Hobart Caunter, DD., with twenty two engravings from Drawings by William Daniell, R. A.; exhibiting in the most perfect manner the scenery, manners and customs, &c. of the gorgeous East; in the usual splendid style of embossed and gilt morocco.

The English Annual for 1837. Containing a great variety of prose and poetical contributions from most of the celebrated authors of the present day, including Miss Mitford, Haynes Bayley, Dr Bowring, Sir Egerton Brydges, H. T. Chorley, &c., and embellished with sixteen superb engravings comprising portraits of the most beautiful and celebrated members of the Female Nobility of England, Landscapes, Views, &c, in blue morocco—at COLMAN'S Lit Rooms,
o26 121 Washington street.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

DR. KING continues to prepare and affix to buildings his improved Lightning Conductors—they are approved by all practical Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old round form. Numbers of scientific gentlemen in Boston and its vicinity, have had them affixed by him to their mansions and other buildings, among them he will name those of President Quincy, Professors Webster and Peakin, of Harvard University, and Gov Lincoln, of Worcester. They are likewise highly recommended by Professor Silliman in his much esteemed lectures on Chemistry, lately delivered in Boston. Gentlemen intending to have Conductors are invited to his rooms No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may see the superior effect, of his rods illustrated. He continues to manufacture and has on hand large Plate Electrical Machines of superior powers, also Cylinders, large and small Galvanic Batteries, Electro Magnets and their apparatus—warranted of the best workmanship. He lately constructed for Professor Silliman the largest Galvanic Deflagator ever made. Gentlemen arriving in Boston to purchase such articles, would do well to call before they buy His prices will be accommodating for cash or approved credit.

N. B.—Dr King is not in partnership with any one.
jy 18 6m

BOSTON ACADEMY...... Established in 1830.
FALL AND WINTER CLASSES
OF
PENMANSHIP, BOOK-KEEPING AND ARITHMETIC,

UNDER the immediate instruction of Messrs. RICHARDSON & STRATTON.

—No 9 AMORY HALL—
Corner of Washington and West streets.

Messrs. R. & S. would inform their friends, and others who are desirous of obtaining a practical knowledge of Book-keeping, comprising Single and Double Entry, that their establishment has been refitted, and they are now able to accommodate pupils at any hour, (day or evening.)

Their System of Book-keeping is particularly distinguished by an original method of explaining first principles; and young gentlemen receiving a very few lessons are able to commence on almost any set of books that have previously been opened on other systems. Having taught hundreds this important art, many of whom hold responsible situations as book-keepers in some of the most extensive houses in Boston and other cities, Messrs R & S. feel confident that it is principally, if not altogether, the satisfaction they have given to their pupils heretofore, that has gained for them the extensive patronage which they have received the past year; and they would inform their fellow citizens that it shall ever be their aim to merit a continuance of the same.

There are many, very many persons, who, perhaps, keep their books correctly, but certainly do not keep them *genteelly*. The defect is sometimes owing to a bad hand-writing, and sometimes to the want of correct examples for imitation, to which may be attributed the loss of much valuable time and money on closing, if perchance it be possible they can be closed at all.

Messrs R. & S. hope, that by an assiduous attention to a business in which they have had the good fortune ever to excel, owing to strict personal attention and good systems, to continue to receive the preference from the public.

Parents and guardians are informed that, at this School, boys are received and fitted in a faithful manner for the Counting-House: and as Book-keeping and Penmanship are considered very essential requisites in the education of a young gentleman, they trust they can convey to the young mind some important and very interesting information.

Arithmetic will be particularly attended to; and Bonds, Promissory Notes, Drafts, Bills of Exchange, Invoices, &c. &c. drawn up in modern style. Also, a new and very simple way of computing interest and averaging accounts.

Persons wishing to receive any information on the above branches, are invited to call and make a cursory examination of the System as taught at this School.

Classes in session, Morning, Afternoon, and Evening, through out the week.

NOTICE.

☞ At this School pupils will be instructed in the duties of the Counting room, in an expeditious and thorough manner, and at the conclusion of their studies, will receive a certificate of recommendation from their instructors.

Clerks and Book-keepers will be supplied with situations from this establishment.

☞ The above regulations having been suggested by several merchants, and there being no similar establishment in this city, Messrs R. & S. beg leave to offer their services to their fellow-citizens from whom they have heretofore received an extensive patronage, and to whom they now offer themselves in the above business, viz.:

Supplying Merchants with quick and ready Penmen, and correct and well-informed Book-keepers. 6m o25

HOFFMAN'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

AN infallible remedy for Gout and Rheumatism. Perhaps there is no two diseases to which the human frame is subject that the physician meets with more reluctance than Gout and Rheumatism, or in which the best efforts of his skill are so baffled, and the most scientific combinations of his remedies prove so often useless in their anticipated effects, as in these painful and distressing complaints. Yet, painful and tedious as those diseases are, the proprietor of these Pills has an undoubting confidence that in all recent or ordinary cases this remedy will be found immediate and infallible; and in all cases, even those of the longest standing, a relief—and if the remedy is persisted in a few weeks, a cure. Although all ordinary cases are cured in a few hours, still the proprietor does not wish those whose constitutions are broken up, or whose limbs have assumed a malformation from intensity of disease, to understand that their complaints can be removed in a moment; on the contrary, an alleviation only can be expected at once, and the entire removal of the disease will be the work of time, and the perseverance in this medicine, which will be found more beneficial and more speedy in its operation than any other medicine known to the proprietor. In Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatic Headache, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Rheumatism in the face, they are equally efficacious. The Genuine Hoffman's Pills are sold only in Boston at the Drug Store of the subscriber, Nos 104 and 108 Hanover street, corner of Salem street. Price 75 cents per box. ANDREW GEYER.
o13 3m

DR. S. C. HEWETT, BONE-SETTER,

WOULD respectfully inform the public that his profession extends to general diseases of the limbs. During 19 years practice in Boston, he has had the satisfaction of curing Scrofula White Swellings 285; White Swellings from injuries, Rheumatism and Dropsy on the Knee 419; Hip Diseases 397; Tic doloreaux and Stiatic affections, &c 341; Dislocations, Fractures, Sprains, Swellings and Inflammations 3608; Natural and Contracted Deformities 563; Curvatures of the Spine 42; Rheumatism 307; Paralytic affections and Loss of Power 200; Numb Palsy 112; besides a variety of similar cases. His charges will not exceed $1,00 a visit. Patients who cannot call on Dr H. he will visit them at their residences. Dr H. will receive visits at his Rooms, 207 Washington street, at all hours.

Dr H. will make charges against all patients; people in low circumstances will be liberally considered. Poor patients can receive advice gratis. eptf o8

COLMAN'S LITERARY ROOMS,
121 WASHINGTON STREET,
o22 *BOSTON.*

DR. BASSETT'S
HEPATIC ELIXIR.

FOR the speedy and effectual cure of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Rheumatism Flatulence Cholic, Costiveness.

This invaluable Medicine is prepared from the receipe of an eminent Physician, who has used it for many years with wonderful success for the above complaints;—likewise for Worms, sudden Colds, violent pains in the stomach and bowels,—always giving immediate relief. It is of Eminent service to persons of Billious habits, in small doses frequently repeated It cleanses the stomach and bowels, quickens the circulation, warms the habit, and if continued is capable of removing very obstinate obstructions.

In consequence of the frequent calls from almost every quarter for the Hepatic Elixir, and its having been completely effectual in restoring him from a long standing Dyspepsia, which had baffled the skill of the first Physicians, and the effects of a variety of Patent Medicines, the Proprietor of this Elixir has been induced to put it up in bottles with ample directions for its use.

This Elixir is composed wholly of Vegetable substances,—is safe in its operation for the most delicate persons or children.—Hundreds of recommendations could be given if necessary, but reliance is placed upon its own virtue for a reputation.

Prepared and sold by the Proprietor, ERASTUS S. HOLDEN, corner of Prospect and Charles streets, and No. 43 Mount Vernon street. Also by William Brown, corner of Washington and Elliot streets; Andrew Geyer, corner of Hanover and Salem streets, and by Joseph M. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar streets, Boston. 6m June 15

RIBBED SHIRTS AND DRAWERS.

FOR sale at KIMBALL'S, 21 Washington street, Superior ribbed Lambs Wool Under Shirts and Drawers. s1

SELECTED POETRY.

[From the American Ladies' Magazine for September.]

TO LOUISA, ASLEEP.

My beautiful—my [illegible] and
How broken is thy sleep!
How frequent comes thy [illegible] moan
Upon the watch I keep!
As troubled dreams disturb thy rest,
So thy complainings wring my breast.

I often think my baby dear,
Thy destiny to trace,
As, gazing on thy features fair,
I mark each [illegible] grace
Like shadows, dim [illegible] throw
Their [illegible] o'er thy brow.

Those large and eyes, so deeply blue,
And creaming [illegible] between,
The prophecy, or false, or true,
Reveal whatever mean;
Those signs, 'tis said, my pretty one,
Foretell thy life-sands quickly run.

But early death—a saddened youth—
Or lengthened years of care—
I may not know—the only truth
I'm sure is written there,
In feeling's flash, and fancy's ray,
Which trace those lines and pass away.

Yet, even as those sweet eyes,
So full of love I meet,
I feel the aspiration rise,
And in my heart repeat
'May God from whom these bright gifts came,
Control, direct, and bless the same.' MOINA.

[From the Exeter News-Letter.]

He sleeps. The icy seal of death
Is set upon his brow;
The cannon's roar
He heeds no more,
He rests in silence now.
The trumpet's clangor's heard afar,
The banners proudly wave;
But he who brav'd the battle's shock,
Now slumbers in the grave,—
Now slumbers in the grave.

He sleeps: the noble warrior sleeps
Upon the gory plain,
Nor e'er will he
To victory
His comrades lead again.
His country called him to command,
War's crimson banners play;
The God of battles nerves his arm
And glory lights his way,—
And glory lights his way.

He left his friends and native home,
To set his country free;
And march'd to brave
The battle's wave,
And strike for liberty.
His country now his fate deplored,
His gallant comrades weep;
He cannot hear their loud lament,
He sleeps a dreamless sleep,—
He sleeps a dreamless sleep.

Rest, warrior! thou hast gain'd a wreath
Of never dying fame;
And hallow'd be
Thy memory,
And honor'd be thy name.
Thy spirit, warrior, is with God,
In regions of the blest;
The clash of arms, and war's alarms,
No more disturb thy rest,—
No more disturb thy rest.

MISCELLANY.

It is now stated that the Editor of the New York Herald did not receive a drubbing from the Scotchman whose wife he is said to have insulted. We understand by the New Era, however, that Bennett deserves a drubbing whenever he presumes to speak to any respectable man or woman.

CENTINEL AND GAZETTE!—Noah says that several large and fine specimens of fish were lately brought ashore from Salmon River; and that said river appears to belong to the Salmon and Salmon trout family.

PARTLY INSURED. Messrs Taylor & Co, were partly insured. They live in Philadelphia, and their steam saw-mill, mahogany and other articles were destroyed by fire, which conflagration presented a magnificent spectacle.

A young man was fined in Salem, with costs, $7,26 for insulting females. He would not contend. We think he did well. The less that could be said about the matter, would be the better for him.

NAVAL. The U. S ship Vandalia was at Key West on the 6th inst, about to return to Pensacola, with the U. S. troops and workmen, to repair the lighthouse at Cape Florida. The St Louis sailed from Pensacola Sept 29, for Tampa Bay.

WRECKS. The Southern papers say that four schooners went ashore between New Inlet and Ocracocke during the late gale. Two of them, the Ladies' Fancy and Sailor's Delight, were deeply laden with dry goods.

ESCAPE. In giving an account of an accident by the overturning of a stage, the Courier says: 'Her niece escaped with some severe wounds.' Call you that escaping Mr Courier?

Mr Audubon has obtained since his return from Europe, thirteen subscribers to his work in Boston, Salem and New York.

The 'Voice of Illinois,' is the name of a paper published in that state. The said voice might be heard a great ways in so wilderness a country.

SUICIDE. Widow Rhoda Hastings, of Chesterfield, N. H. threw herself into a well, on the 19th inst and perished.

TURNING THE HOUSE INSIDE OUT. The gale at the Eastward was so severe as to blow off both ends of the town house in Brewer, leaving about ten feet in the middle.

☞The New York Daily Advertiser and New York Express, are about espousing each other, for better or worse.

SNOW STORM. On Friday evening, they had a little snow-storm in the city of New York—just enough to feather the ground.

THE SERPENT. To attempt to reason or to argue with a woman, is about as politic as to attempt to lay a rail-road with snakes.

ACQUITTAL. Fetterplace, Hiler & Co vs Tinkham & Hart. The Sun says the jury brought in a verdict of $394,54, in favor of the plaintiff.

One political Editor says, 'Ohio is erect!' If that be the case, the animal must be standing on its hind (last) legs.

FORSAKE FOLLY AND BE WISE.—A Mr Joseph Folly advertises that his wife has deserted him. If no one will trust or harbor her, she may turn to Folly again.

MONEY BELOW STAIRS.—$305 in bills supposed to be counterfeit were found rolled up in a piece of sheet lead, under a stable in Bangor.

Bird London, Esq, a member elect of the Vermont Legislature, fell suddenly while his carriage was waiting at the door to convey him to Montpelier, and expired.

ELBOW ROOM AT AUCTION. Forty eligible building lots will be sold at Charlestown this day, at public auction.

Rev Daniel H. Emerson, son of Dr Emerson, of Salem, was ordained as Pastor of the Evangelical Congregational Church in Northborough, on Wednesday.

Two buildings standing on Forest street, Baltimore, owned by Mr Greenfield, were destroyed by fire on Thursday.

The Spanish Constitution of 1812 has been proclaimed throughout the Island of Porto Rico, at which the inhabitants have rejoiced with a loud voice.

FIGURATIVE.—Thunderwater is the meaning of the Indian word Niagara.

Good butter sells in New York at three shillings per pound.

The greatest scoundrels are not those who make the most noise. The stealthy cat has sharp claws.

There were four heavy failures at New York on Saturday, and more expected.

Two pounds and fifteen ounces is the weight of a potatoe raised in Langdon, N. H.

SKATES LOOKING UP. A mill pond in Vermont froze over a few days ago.

POTATOE ENERGY.—A man in the Claddagh, Galway, Ireland, has had his thirty-eighth child baptized.

A man named Moody in Middlesex (Md.) has been indicted for keeping a [illegible] house.

The Union Bank of New York has declared 6 per cent dividend for this month.

Rogers, the Bullet [illegible] driver has been bailed and bound over for his appearance at court.

Never fly from difficulties that you can overcome.

TURNING THE TABLES.—We understand from [illegible] the Tremont [illegible] on the Friday night [illegible] Miss Clifton [illegible] Kilner [illegible]. At length it was determined to send [illegible] Tom Kilner was deputed to [illegible] Oh Tommy—Tommy—Tommy didn't know what to do. Oh Tommy—Tommy—Tommy Kilner! Mr Pray looked at us, and we looked at Mr Pray, as much as to say that's a pretty story. But Kilner stuck to it so roundly, that we were forced to yield. The next day there was a scrambling for our paper, in which some of them found themselves dislocated and boiled to a jelly. The copy was not the acting copy, and we lost it by a ruse de guerre, after the first act. But now we shall have this. You have Mrs Ternan with you, an intellectual, spirited, delightful actress, by the by, and she will undertake [illegible] so prenez garde! we shall trouble Mr Callender for an acting copy, and taking our station as before with our friend, sift you to the bran. Neither Kilner nor any other shall dispossess us, and we shall do our duty to you and the public, you deceiving rascals! We'll teach you to botch stories to get away our book!

It is said that the acting copy differs much from the [illegible] — but there cannot be so much change, as we discovered on Monday, for not five lines of the first act were spoken correctly by any one. We shall be down upon you, [illegible] to make matters square in some other play [illegible] which the acting copy is like the other, and stars do not mutilate as they choose.

In our criticism on Paolo, by the by, the name of Mrs. Hield was incorrectly printed for Mr. Hield. We are glad of an opportunity to apologize to the lady, and to do justice to her and her husband. It was he whom we intended to say 'committed high treason against all common sense.'

P. S. How happens it that the papers which so lauded Miss Clifton when she was here, have discovered now that she has gone, that she was not so very great! Strange things happen sometimes.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. Many persons are deterred from attempting to learn a language, on account of the great number of words in the dictionary, which they imagine must be individually conned by rote—and thus appears to them like a Herculean task for the brain. But the facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the French Language are so numerous, that it is an object for every person of moderate opportunities to attempt the task.

In our country, there are so many foreigners continually arriving—and the French Language is a key to many others on the European continent—that it is of immense advantage to every person to be able to speak and read the language of the polite nation. A person can hardly understand a modern author without an acquaintance with the French—for the language has become so common that it is introduced familiarly into the works of all our approved writers. To a complete understanding of the classics, a knowledge of the French Language is indispensable. To read the French authors in their native language—to catch their ideas as they have fallen hot from their own enthusiastic souls, is a treat of which the mere English reader can form no adequate estimate. We are led to make these remarks from having seen a new paper styled 'Le Litterateur Francais,' published by Jordan. Those who would be deterred from studying the language in the usual manner, and reading the French authors, may derive from this system of imparting instruction, both amusement and profit; and for children who are studying the French, the acquisition of this cheap way of furthering their progress will be found extremely beneficial. We hope the good taste of the community will be shown in the encouragement of the publisher.

QUICK GAIN AND SUDDEN LOSS.—A gentleman who found a check yesterday was subjected to a severe disappointment, proving that

'This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given.'

A gentleman of this city who had a number of checks to collect, lost one of $500 on the Warren Bank. It was soon picked up by a fellow, who hastily presented it at the Bank. The $500 was given the applicant in one bill.—He requested bills of a smaller denomination, which were readily counted out to the loafer, who made off with them. He had just passed out the door, when the real Simon Pure made his appearance, and inquired if a check for $500 had been presented, within a few moments. He was informed that the gentleman who had received the money for the check was just walking out the door, somewhat in haste. The thief was immediately overtaken in State street, and carried back. The loafer seemed to think that he had done no more than right, and that checks, like the rain of heaven, fell equally on the just and the unjust—that he had found the property, and made use of it, as any other honest man would. He paid back the money, and made himself a rare article very expeditiously.

AN OLD PENSIONER. David Thompson, who lately died at Exeter, N. H. aged 100 years, is believed to have been the last survivor of the two thousand soldiers who under the brave old Col Moultrie, so heroically withstood the repeated attacks of eleven thousand regulars, and two thousand Indians, commanded by Burgoyne. He was also the oldest government pensioner on the roll. His grandmother Mary Hampden, was preserved in a singular manner at the sinking of Port Royal, Jamaica, by an earthquake. She clung to the sill of her house and floated away upon it, and was safely taken off by a vessel, when all but three of the inhabitants of that town perished. Several years after the disaster she came to Dorchester where she served in a tavern as waiting woman, when a traveller had occasion for her services whom she immediately recognized as her husband. He was at sea when the town was sunk, and supposed his wife had gone to rest with her townsfolk. She died in 1798, aged 105.

THE BOSTON MORNING POST of Monday, is received. Contents—The Clouds, by George B. Strong; Things in Cuba; Foreign Miscellany; Democrats of Massachusetts; Member of Congress for Suffolk; Samuel Hodd; Democratic Conventions. Le Litterateur Francais; Going to jail in style; Fire in Walpole; Difference of opinion; The Elections; Police Reports and various important items.

We have not had time to read all these articles; but think the general character of the paper is maintained. The author of the Police Reports is a little fellow named Gill, a short, squat figure—the broad tails of whose coat resemble very much the wings of a bat. He styles himself a matter-of-fact man in toto.

THE FRANKLIN LECTURES.—Our readers will notice that these lectures are to be continued through another season. We are happy to announce this fact. It speaks well for Boston [illegible] for the industrious classes for whose particular benefit the Lectures are intended. It shows a thirst for knowledge, and a determination to improve every opportunity to acquire it. It marks a continuance of that love of learning which has ever distinguished New England, and given to Boston the title of the Athens of America.

We have in this city the Boston Lyceum, the Franklin Lectures, the Hanover Lyceum, Lectures of the Historical Society. Thus there will be some instructive Lecture for every evening in the week.

DAVID'S WRITING FLUID.—The Pearl has it that this new writing fluid injures the eyes more than the common black ink. We appeal to the chemical knowledge of the conductors thereof whether they are not puzzling their credit by such an assertion? Nonsense is [illegible], and given it heat [illegible].—[illegible] is the most suited to the vision, and the more boldly letters stand in contrast with the paper, the more straining is there of the eye.

David's Fluid sinks through this paper—but this disadvantage is counterbalanced by its freedom from sediment, and of course from clogging.

PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAIS? For persons who understand the French Language, or those who are laboring to understand it, the Litterateur Francais presents an entertaining variety of reading matter. It is a new paper, edited by M. Barbuh, a teacher of French in Harvard University. It is published every Saturday at Colman's Literary Rooms by W. H. S. Jordan, at $2,50 per annum, $2 in advance. The first number is well printed, and got up in good style.

The mangled corse of a young lady was found near Trenton, N. C. a few days ago, partially buried under leaves and straw. Her skull was broken in, most of her teeth were broken out, and she was otherwise dreadfully mangled. Suspicion rests on a negro who has fled.

A naval officer of rank, says he has discovered a new compound rocket, that will set an enemy's ship on fire, even if discharged at so great a distance as two thousand yards.

There is now living in Fryeburg, Penn, a lady whose weight is estimated at seven hundred pounds. It would be a sort of bigamy to marry such a woman, since she is equal to two ordinary women put together.

SCEPTRE. A sceptre has been found in the Jewel office as costly as those now exhibited among the Regalia of the Tower. It is supposed to have been secreted when Blood attempted to rob that place.

SABBATH BREAKING.—The New York Sun is giving an account of the death of a man who was shot while out on the water during Sabbath, [illegible] which are [illegible] Boats will go [illegible] and guns will go off on other days as well as Sunday.—and although we do not approve of wasting the Sabbath in idleness, yet we cannot make the thought that the Almighty sanctions by miracles or visitations the holiness of the day, nor can we, like some, judge [illegible] Many persons who are daily in the habit of extortion, oppression, and grinding the poor, make a great outcry about Sabbath breaking.

☞We learn from the Public Ledger that application is about being made to the Legislature of New Jersey to call on the Legislature of New York to annex Staten Island from its present location, in order that the harbor on the Jersey shore may have the benefit of free egress and ingress from and to the ocean. In some respects the congress from such a measure might be very beneficial; but we think that the Narrows afford a means of defence to the city of New York in time of war, that ought not to be lightly passed over. We will not, however, interfere. No doubt, the welfare of New Jersey should be considered, and we know not what right the New Yorkers have to permit such an obstruction to remain before their neighbor's front door. We should think the city Marshall of New York ought to have complained of the nuisance long ago.

LATER FROM SPAIN.—By the arrival of the brig Caroline, Pinckney, of Boston, at New York, we have advices to the 18th of September from Madrid—at which date the capital was relieved from the unpleasant vicinity of the Carlists. Cabrera, the Carlist general, while besieging Gandesa was compelled to raise, on the 8th, by the approach of General San Miguel, and retreat upon Becite. There appears to be little change otherwise in the affairs of Spain. Mendizabal had been appointed Minister of Finance. Important dispatches from Paris arrived at Madrid on the 15th; supposed to announce definitively the line of conduct to be pursued by the French Government. Arrangements were in progress, throughout the kingdom, for the sale of the property of the religious communities, the produce to be applied to the expenses of the war.

THE CITY WATCH—Signs of the Times.—On Saturday evening, Mr John Warren's SIGN was degraded from its elevated station, and thrown into the Chapel burial ground. Mr Harding's SIGN of Adam and Eve was served the same sauce. A brass knocker was also torn from the door where it had so long rusticated, and was borne off like the golden candlesticks at the sacking of Jerusalem.—This is the effects of making the watchmen's beat so extensive that by the time they have walked their whole circuit, they are so tired that they must sit down an hour to rest.

THE CLEOPATRA.—The Cleopatra made a trip during the last week, with so many passengers, that she was obliged to push off a short way from the wharf, and then stop and stow her live cargo in commodious positions. She weathered a gale in the Sound on Thursday finely, and came through without minding it at all. We get papers now by her at nine in the morning. The people are determined to support her, notwithstanding the puffs for the monopoly line, written by interested agents in this city.

A heavy gale occurred in Buffalo, which caused considerable damage. Several vessels broke from their moorings, causing severe injury from coming in contact with each other, and with other craft. The north wall of the new two story building erecting for the City Bank, gave way, and a portion of it crushed in the rear of the Grocery Store of R. H. Lee, adjoining. A little girl was blown overboard from a canal boat and drowned.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING. The keeper of the Punch Bowl public house in New York, shut up his store, leaving a man in it by the name of Thomas Turner, who finding himself in a situation to have all the fun to himself fell to work upon the various descriptions of liquor with which the premises abounded. When the store was again opened, Thomas was found dead and embalmed with a brandy decanter at his side.

DROWNED. One of the hands of the steamboat Bangor by the name of Mark Rounds, fell overboard about five miles from Portland, and was drowned. He went to the side to draw a bucket of water, and the force of the boat's headway acting against the bucket in the water drew him over. When the steamboat Portland was going out, an hour or two afterwards the Clerk of the boat accidentally fell into the sea. He was saved.

PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.—A Mr Cross, of Broomfield Somerset, England, has communicated an important discovery to the British Association at Bristol. He has a process by which he can convert water into chrystals; and does not doubt but that he will ultimately be able to form diamonds and all other precious stones by a similar process. Cold water societies ought to have the secret.

An accident occurred in the Bath Iron Foundry, last week, in consequence of some damp sand getting into the mould in which two men were casting a wheel. The moment the hot iron touched the sand, it instantly exploded, throwing the iron into their faces, injuring them badly. It is thought, they will each of them lose the sight of one of their eyes.

A PAPER CAGE. The New York Sun says that Messrs Nuttal and Townsend have brought fifty kinds of new birds from the Columbia River, which Mr Audubon will put into his book. We have seen some kinds of dried flies put into books, as well as flowers, but we should think real birds would be too large.

MURDER. The Norfolk Beacon relates that a colored lad, about 11 years of age, was found dead in a house on Newton's wharf, with suspicious marks on his neck and throat, as if he had been choked or strangled to death.—Forrest, the tenant of the house in which the body was found has been committed to prison.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.—A ghost is said to have made his appearance in 'Old Town,' a part of Baltimore city. A painter has been trying to get a sitting from him. Our neighbor Smith in Union street would do well to get the proportions of this shadowy stranger, and exhibit him together with the other wonders of his group.

A pedlar was tried and convicted in Norfolk, of selling certain goods of foreign manufacture, contrary to law, and fined thirty dollars and costs of prosecution—fine and all probably amounting to about $100.

LIBEL OF FANNY WRIGHT!—The friends of Fanny have commenced a libel suit against the Editor of the New York Transcript for the disrespectful manner in which he has spoken of her and her disciples.

WILLIAM TELL.—It is reported in New York that Mr John McMahon will shoot at an apple on his son's head, next week, with a rifle, at sixty paces distance—either for a wager, or a bonus of $1000.

FROM THE DEAD THE LIVING CAME. An exchange says that in Berlin, Penn, a fine child was delivered from its mother by the operation of turning, twenty hours after its mother's death.

CONUNDRUMS.—The New York Mirror has the following conundrum—'When is a woman not a woman? Ans. When she's a-bed.' The Mirror, however, has the justice to own that it is not original.

Henry Sloat of New York, who had been for some time in bad health, returned home from a walk, and requested leave to lay his head in his sister-in-law's lap, to which she consented, and he immediately expired.

UNFORTUNATE.—On Thursday last, a new brick building at Elizabeth town point was blown down, and John Owen, Jr., a carpenter, was crushed to death. He was an estimable youth.

Several men went to shoot wild fowl, near Flushing Bay when a gun in the boat, going off accidentally, Robert Wilson was shot to death.

'A BOSTON PAPER.' The Philadelphia News says, 'A Boston paper says, 'we learn that a dandy was taken up,' &c. Yes, Mr News, that paper is us.

The Journal of Commerce says that they have reason to believe some of the causes of the pressure in the money market are about to be removed.

☞The celebrated Atheist, Richard Carlile, has been converted to Christianity. Come, Abner, it is your turn next.

OMINOUS. The Buffalo Journal says that the schooner Gen Harrison is ashore, and the schooner Martin Van Buren sunk inside the piers!

Mrs Mills, who was so shockingly burned in New York about ten days ago, expired on Sunday afternoon, aged 86 years.

FIRE. The interior of a starch or plaster factory in Raleigh street, was destroyed by fire at about half past eight on Monday evening.

The New York Herald establishment was destroyed by fire on Monday morning.

A GREAT CHEAT.—Mr Adrian's deceptions at the New York American Museum are said to be almost miraculous.

The late heavy rains at the Eastward have set business afloat again in Bangor.

The alarm of fire on Saturday evening was occasioned by the burning of a chimney in Chamber street.

The number of deaths in New York last week was 177.

FROM FLORIDA.—By the ship Augustine, from Savannah, arrived yesterday, the Jacksonville Courier of Oct. 6th has been received, which contains a few items from the seat of war. Col. Downing, who had arrived there from St. Augustine with two companies, had scoured on his way Cabbage Swamp, Three Mile, Twenty Mile Swamp and in fact the whole tract of country between Picolata and St. Augustine, without discovering the least signs of Indians.

They are supposed to be concentrating in the nation, in consequence of the arrival of the Tennessee troops, who are [illegible] under Gov. Call at Fort Drane.

The schooner George Henry, laden with government stores, was fired at on the St. Johns, October 2d, while proceeding up the river. The persons who committed this outrage proved to be two men of Major Taylor's company, who had come up to Jacksonville with Col. Downing, and refused to proceed farther.

The Pensacola Gazette of October 1st, contains the following additional items respecting the military operations in Florida. The operations alluded to are destined for the mouth of the Withlacoochee and Suwanee Rivers, and the harbors on the West coast.

Several fine steamboats have been lately purchased or hired for the campaign. Three of these have touched at this port on their way east, within the last week. In addition to all this, Commodore Dallas, by means of the cutters under his command, as well as by the sending of some of the larger vessels of the squadron to lie in the harbors of the Peninsula, and by despatching to the scene of war the marines of the squadron under Lieut Waldron, will render efficient service along the coast.—N. Y. paper.

PRACTICAL RULES for the observance of burners of Anthracite Coal.—Anthracite coal, in order to its complete combustion, requires to be kept constantly at a high temperature. No air should pass into the pipe or chimney, but such as traverses the fire. The air should come as extensively as possible in contact with the coal. No more air should be allowed to traverse the fire than is essential to support combustion; except when first kindled, when a free current of air may be admitted. No part of the outer surface of the heating apparatus should ever become red hot. To preserve anthracite stoves from corrosion and premature decay, they should be effectually cleaned and refitted for another season completely after the time for fires is over, and be kept throughout the summer in a dry place. In connecting an anthracite stove to the chimney, all joints should be close, so as to afford no passage to the air except through the furnace. Coal should in all cases be free from dust; nut coal is most suitable for producing a mild and uniform heat—when a thick bed of it is used at once, a strong draught is required.—Coarse coal is adapted to the coldest weather, and, in intermediate states of weather, the fire of a stove may be built of course lumps below and fine above. An observance of these rules will prevent much ill humor and complaint against these admirable articles, coal and coal stoves.

EXPERIENCE.—'To most men,' says Coleridge, 'Experience is like the stern-light of a ship, which illumines only the track it has passed.' This is very pretty, and very true; but like a great many pretty and true things, it does not amount to much. Suppose experience were like a light on the bow. What would be the difference? It would then only show you the danger, just as you would be on the point of feeling it. It would not penetrate the gloom sufficiently to point it out in time to avoid it. For my part, I do not calculate largely upon the benefit which the human family is likely ever to derive from the lights of experience. A cool, cautious, well-balanced head will carry a man safely over a sea in which experience would wreck him any minute.—*Blackwood.*

FROM GIBRALTAR. The Daily Advertiser has received a Gibraltar paper of Sept 21, from which they copy the following.

The Spanish Ministry has been completed, as follows: an express brought the news to Cadiz on the 18th inst.

Foreign Affairs and President of the Council, Mr Calatrava.
Interior, Mr Lopez,
Marine, Mr Gil de la Quadra,
Grace and Justice, Mr Landero,
War, the Marquis de Rodil,
Finances, M. Mendizabal.

Together with the above intelligence were received several Decrees and Royal Orders, modifying a former one relative to a new levy of 50,000 men; establishing new Boards for superintending, all over the kingdom, the sale of the property of the late Religious Communities, the produce of which is to be applied to the expenses of the war; appointing another Board to propose the alterations to be made in the present system of tithes and first fruits; directing the wants of the army to be attended to above all others; and all the other individuals in the pay of Government to be put upon the same footing, so that they shall be paid, or have to wait altogether.

Cabrera was besieging Gandesa; but at the approach of the new Commander in Chief of the Army of the Centre, General Evaristo San Miguel, he raised the siege in the forenoon of the 8th ult, and withdrew in the direction of Becite.

GALE ON LAKE MICHIGAN.—We publish the following further particulars in relation to the late disasters on Lake Michigan.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4, 1836.

During the last thirty-six hours we have had one of the most violent gales of wind ever experienced here. It commenced blowing yesterday morning from the south-west, it changed during the day to the north-west, and at sunset blew a tremendous gale, which continued through the night, and did not perceptibly abate till past noon to-day.

The destruction of vessels and property in consequence has been very great. The schooner Martin Van Buren, loaded with lumber, salt and flour, had her stern stove in, and is sunk inside the piers. The Gen. Harrison, loaded with salt and merchandise, stove a hole in her side on the end of the south pier, and went ashore a few rods above and sunk; the water is now even with her deck, her deck loading washed overboard.

The Erie, loaded with lumber, is ashore about one hundred rods south of the harbor, and the Celeste, with a cargo of merchandize, a short distance beyond. Several other vessels inside the piers have been more or less injured. It is now six o'clock P. M., the gale still continues, though not with the same severity. Yours, &c.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4, 1836.

We are now experiencing a very severe gale of wind from the N. E. Several schooners have been driven on shore at this place—among them the 'Erie,' 'Gen. Harrison,' and the 'Celeste.' The Van Buren is sunk at the pier. The brig 'Detroit' is riding the storm, but I fear will share the fate of the others, as also the 'Michigan.'—The Pigeon, Ohio, St. Joseph, Wave, and Lexington are safe under the lee of the piers. The four first mentioned vessels are all loaded. No lives lost.—*Detroit Adv.*

MORE DISASTERS BY THE LATE GALE OF THE 14th.—The Norfolk Herald of the 21st inst. says—'A letter dated Portsmouth Roads, (N. C.) Oct. 13, states that there were ten vessels ashore on the beach between New Inlet and Cape Hatteras, among which was the brig Fortune Capt. Chamberlain, totally lost.

CAMP MEETINGS. The Pittsburgh Conference Journal, which came to us by mistake, as we did not read the direction—'Zion's Herald,' gives an account of the Presbyterian Camp Meeting in Murfreesboro', Ohio, and makes some judicious remarks; stating that Camp Meetings were originated by the *Presbyterians*, which sect have reprobated them as being an essential part of *Methodism*—calculated to promote licentiousness, &c. We believe that Camp Meetings have been spoken against without cause, and would be glad to see them become general among all sects.

ERROR OF THE PRESS. In one of our articles yesterday, the types made us speak of *Samuel Hodd*. Now, as such a gentleman has not until now come before the public, it may be as well to state that we differ from our printers in toto, concerning the surname. We opine that Samuel *Hoar* would have been much more appropriate. Mr Gill of the Post tells us, that, on one occasion, he wrote a criticism on a farce, in which he stated that it contained some obscene allusions which had a very *novel* effect—whereat the printers gave it, '*moral* effect.'

The following from the Baltimore Athenaeum and Visitor is worthy to be written in letters of gold.

There are many ways of which we judge of greatness,—but he is the truly great man, who can master his own strong desire to be great as the world estimates greatness; and who can learn to read aright the almost hidden mysteries of his own mind, as well as master the strong impulses that would lead him to acquire fame at the expense of another's ease and happiness.

A 'Stranger' from Kentucky, who came down to Georgetown, District of Columbia, the other day, was 'struck up,' as we learn from the Washington Mirror, and most marvellously delighted with the appearance of a ship, such an object the backwoodsman never having seen before. He was literally in raptures with every part of the ship, which was the Katharine Jackson.

WRECKERS. While the brig Rising Sun was lying at anchor near Great Point Rip, on Tuesday week, she was boarded by the crews of several fishing smacks, belonging to Connecticut and elsewhere, and robbed of 400 barrels of flour and other articles. Officers have been sent in pursuit of the offenders.

☞A writer says that people whose minds are well stored, are slow in speech, as the congregation do not come so fast from a crowded church, as from one that is half full.

DAMNATION.—The Bangoreans, with their characteristic profanity, have vigorously set about raising a project for damming the Penobscot.

The barque Cavalier, a whaler of Salem, has sent home, already, oil enough to make her officers and crew a handsome remuneration.

THE GREAT HALF-STARVED.—Mr Graham, of lean notoriety, gave $1500 for his estate.

A Bangor paper very coolly informs its readers that Louisa has been drowned in Long Island Sound.

United States schooner Grampus, Commander James Mc[illegible], three days from Pensacola, having on board the officers and crew of the Texan armed schooner Terrible, to be delivered to the United States Marshal.

The crew of the Grampus are in excellent health, not a case of sickness on the sick list.—*N. O. Bee, Oct. 11.*

The New Orleans Bee of the 5th inst says—The Texian armed schooner, the Terrible, has been placed in the custody of John H. Holland, Esq. Marshal of the U. S. of this District of Louisiana. She was sent here from Pensacola where she had been carried by the U. S. Vessel of war Boston; the court there not having jurisdiction to take cognizance of the offences charged against her, they having been committed upon our waters. The following charges are the most important.

1st. That the Terrible was fitted out at this port to wage war against a government with whom the United States are at peace.

2dly. That her commander, Lieut Randolph, had manifested the intention of committing an act of piracy upon a Sardinian vessel, the Policarpo Mexicano.

3dly. That she had sailed from this port, without the authorization of the Collector of this port.

All the charges will undergo legal examination, and therefore we forbear making comments. We may, however remark that we feel happy to see our government show the disposition to maintain her neutrality. Her character in the eyes of foreign nations and the commerce of her merchants requires this of her.

The history of Jesse Bledsoe, who recently died at Nacogdoches, in Texas, presents a striking example of fallen greatness. He began his career as a lawyer and statesman in Lexington, Ky. where he was the chief and formidable rival of Clay. He was at different periods a member of the State Legislature and a Senator in Congress, Law Professor of Transylvania University, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Kentucky. No man stood higher in the state as a politician and jurist than he did; and none except Clay ever wielded with such entire mastery and control the judgments and feelings of his auditors when speaking. Yet with all his greatness, the spirit of intoxication seized upon him, and dragged him from the height whereon his genius placed him; dried up his understanding, and made him a miserable outcast and wanderer.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES. The Nova Scotia Recorder of the 8th inst. refers to an act of the Provincial Legislature, which has recently received the sanction of the king. It is important that it should be known to such of our citizens as are in the habit of fishing near the coast of Nova Scotia. The act is published at length in the Royal Gazette. It authorizes the officers of His Majesty's Customs, the officers of Impost and Excise, the Sheriffs and Magistrates throughout the province, to board any ship, vessel or boat, hovering within three marine miles of our coast, to search and examine her cargo, and if found to be foreign, fishing or preparing to fish, or to have been fishing within the said jurisdiction, the same to be forfeited.

At an armourer's workshop in Maubege, a strange accident lately occurred. The proprietor had purchased in 1814 a quantity of old iron, among which was a shell, which had remained in a corner of the shop since that period until a few days since, when a spark from a piece of iron which the smith was fashioning on an anvil near it, dropped into the fuse hole of the piece, from which the powder had not been extracted, and the shell instantly exploded, wounding every person who was present.

When Mrs Billington and Miss Parke were engaged to sing at a concert, the latter lady threatened to renounce her engagement if her name were printed in a smaller type than that of Mrs Billington. Whereupon the conductor apprised his prima donna of her coadjutor's determination, and desired to know what course he was to pursue. 'Print my name,' said the finest singer of her day, 'in the smallest letter employed in the bill.' This was done; and much Miss Parke gained by her corpulent type.

A fellow who was considered 'rather soft,' speaking the other day of the many inventions and improvements which have been made by the present generation, exultingly wound up with, 'Well, for my part, I believe every generation grows wiser and wiser—for there's my father, he know'd more'n my grandfather, and I believe I know a leetle more'n my father did.' 'My dear sir,' remarked a bystander, 'What a fool your *great grandfather* must have been!'

As a specimen of the vast utility of the Logic Class in the University, an anecdote is current, in which the son of a facetious baronet acted a part worthy of his descent. He was called up by the worthy professor, and asked the notable question, 'Can a man see without eyes?' 'Yes, sir,' was the prompt answer. 'Pray, sir, how do you make that out?' 'He can see with *one*, sir,' replied the ready-witted youth; and the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.—*London paper.*

PLAIN LANGUAGE.—The New York Herald states that the Rev. Mr Ware, in his recent farewell sermon, gave his congregation rather a severe lecture on short comings in duty. 'I have,' said he, 'labored here for years to save souls—but my hearers are so negligent and inattentive that I find it is no use. The fashions and vanities of this world overpower the word. I have been offered an increase of salary—but increase of salary is not my object. It is increase of grace—increase of salvation. I am going where my salary will be less, but where I hope there will be more piety and more religion.'

IRISH READINESS.—An ostler was asked a few days since, who was the owner of a very fine span of horses, which stood at the door of the stable, and which for convenience sake were owned by one man in the name of another. 'Sure, sir,' said he, 'if you are wishing to *buy*, Mr Smith will sell them to you; but if you are wanting to *attach them*, they belong to Mr Brown.'

Gen. Gaines arrived in the city on Saturday last, and has taken up his lodgings at the North American Hotel.

The schooner Flora arrived yesterday, left Velasco on the 27th ult., but reports nothing new. Nothing of importance had transpired in Texas since the previous arrivals.—*New Orleans Bulletin, Oct. 10.*

SEVEN WOMEN SHALL LAY HOLD ON ONE MAN. The great press of ladies in a store in Broadway, New York, has obliged the storekeepers to shut up for a day or two, until they can have time to open sundry bales of choice goods for their inspection. Ladies, be moderate. As Mrs Smith says—'One at a time, if you please.'

PIG-TAIL, NIGGER-HEAD, AND LADY'S TWIST. An Anti-tobacco society has been formed by the ladies in Keene N. H. One of the rules of the society is, that if it can be proved that any young lady has been kissed by a *tobacco chewer*, she shall be expelled from communion.

TWINS.—A correspondent complains that we said an old woman presented her husband with a *pair of twins.* We plead guilty to the charge of inadvertency. We should have said, *a pair of babies.* Nevertheless, we do not see the occasion for making such a fuss about it.

ENGINE OUTRAGE. An engine in New York was taken from the house by a set of fellows who wore fire-caps and dragged to the wharf, where they endeavored to destroy it by working it without water. Mr Sickles, the City Inspector, called several watchmen and the miscreants fled. One fellow shook a club at Mr S. and threatened him—but he fled on the approach of the watch.

SWEET WATERS. The New Era says that lake Sunapee lies between 'Sugar River' in Claremont, Newport, on the one side, and 'Molasses Bog' in New London, on the other. By a judicious mingling of the three together, we should think the inhabitants might drink *switchell gratis.*

BURGLARY. On Monday night, the Bethel Reading Room, connected with the Rev Mr Taylor's Church was entered, and sixty or seventy dollars stolen. The newspapers and pamphlets were torn and scattered about the floor.

The ship George and Mary of Edgartown has been involved in difficulty by carrying out the press and dies for coining money, for Dr Wendell, of Piera, South America. The Doctor has been obliged to flee in consequence of being detected in thus *fathering* hard currency.

BIG PUMPKIN.—One of these critters is now exhibiting at the Fair at Niblo's, which weighs 140 pounds. The price of the seeds is $1 each. Roll the fellow along this way.—He will get here by Thanksgiving day.

John McMahon of New York denies that he intended to shoot an apple from his son's head—which denial he substantiates by a powerful argument—to wit, that *he has no son.*

A cotemporary says, 'It is a curious fact that the most carnivorous quadrupeds are more averse from devouring women than men'—which proves that savage animals are not fond of *sweetmeats.*

The New York Transcript says that a man in Wall street offered to give a mortgage deed to the amount of ten thousand dollars on unencumbered real estate, for six months' loan of seven thousand dollars.

Monday was the 154th anniversary of the landing of William Penn upon the shores of the Delaware. The day was celebrated at Philadelphia by the society instituted to commemorate the event.

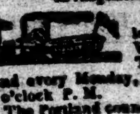
A national custom, of immemorial date, exists in the Burman empire, of dislocating the elbows of females, in their infancy, in such a manner as to present the inside of the fore arm turned outwardly.

Mrs Louisa Thompson of Savannah, Geo, wandered from her home on the 29th Sept in a fit of mental derangement, and has not been found.

Locke of the New Era is amusing his readers with the account of the discovery of a planet. No more of your big stories, neighbor.

EXPRESS MAIL. This mail will commence running on the 15th of November next.

EASTERN LINE OF STEAMBOATS.
Arrangement for the remainder of the Season.



The Steamer PORTLAND, J. Howes Jr, leaves Boston, (from Eastern Steamboat Wharf,) for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leaves Portland every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for Boston, at 5 o'clock P. M.

The Portland connects with the steamer Bangor, Tuesdays and Saturdays.

The BANGOR, S. H. Howes, leaves Portland for Bangor, every Sunday and Wednesday morning, at 6 o'clock. Returning, leaves Bangor for Portland every Monday and Friday, at 6 o'clock, A. M.

The McDONOUGH, Capt Brown, leaves Portland every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, for Bath, Gardiner and Hallowell.

The ROYAL TAR, Capt Reed, leaves Portland for Eastport and St John every Friday evening.

Freight received on board the Portland until 4 o'clock on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
o8 gtf I. W. GOODRICH, Agent.

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FOR sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133 Washington street.
The Silk Raiser's Manual: or the art of raising and feeding Silk Worms, and of cultivating the Mulberry tree. By M. Morin, member of several learned Societies. Translated from the French.
An Introduction to Phrenology, in the form of questions and answers, with an appendix and copious illustrative notes. By Robert Macnish, author of 'Anatomy of Drunkenness,' 'Philosophy of Sleep,' &c.
The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for 1837.
Notices of Florida and the Campaigns. By M. M. Cohen, (an officer of the left wing.)
The Religious Creeds and Statistics of every Christian Denomination in the United States and British Provinces, with some account of the religious sentiments of the Jews, American Indians, Deists, Mahometans, &c.—alphabetically arranged. By John Hayward.
The Testimony of God against Slavery. By Rev La Roy Sunderland.
'Every Man his own Physician:' or The Vegetable Family Physician—containing a description of the Roots and Herbs common to this country, with their medicinal properties and uses; also, directions for the treatment of diseases incident to human nature, by vegetables alone, embracing many valuable Indian Recipes. By Samuel B. Emmons.
Spark's American Biography, Vol 6: containing Lives of Wm Pinkney, Wm Ellery and Cotton Mather.
Memoir of Rev Edward Payson, D.D., late of Portland, Me. By Rev Asa Cummings. o22

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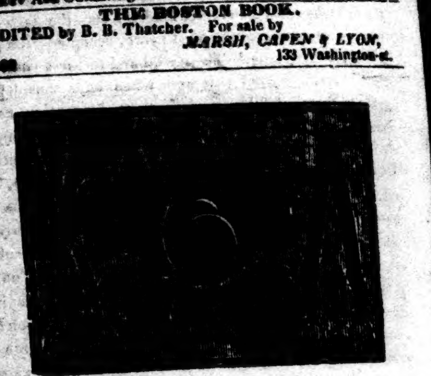

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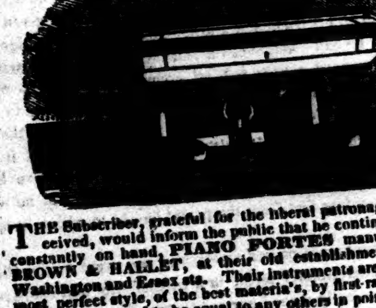

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